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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, January 10, 1953



In this issue

Philip Gillon looks into the recent troubles of El Al.

David Krivino takes a new immigrant's housing problem to an official of the Ministry of Absorption.

Eugene Ionesco grants a rare interview to Pearl Sheffy Gefen.

Sylvia Mann is given a guided tour of the latest underground finds at Herodium.

Amnon Sella discusses the Soviet Union's need of naval bases to implement its doctrine of forward deployment.

George Leonof goes up Mt. Hermon to see the new ski settlement.

The Book Section reviews two books on the Holocaust (Abraham S. Hymann); letters of medieval Jewish traders (Nasim Rajwan); a volume of Israeli folktales (Joan Hooper); a study of prisoners of war (Hilda Basch).

Zachariah ben-Levi dreams up a new oil consortium. Dry Bones suggests some retaliatory plays for Israel.

Gil Goldfine views the Neustein and Milstein exhibitions in Tel Aviv. Meir Ronnen and Ephraim Harris cover the Jerusalem and Haifa art shows.

Mendel Kohansky sees two plays in Arabic. Yohanan Boehm reads a new edition of Puccini's letters.

Television by Philip Gillon. Radio by Helga Dudman.

Martha Meisels goes shopping in the United States. Haim Shapiro makes a sumptuous soup. Mordechai Zaslav chooses his man of the year.

Hadasah Bat Haim finds the Israeli winter too short. L.I. Rabinowitz' Biblical Byways. Crossword. George Levirow's Bridge column. Eliahu Shaha's Chess column.

Cover picture: Jerusalem umbrella repairer (Mike Goldberg).

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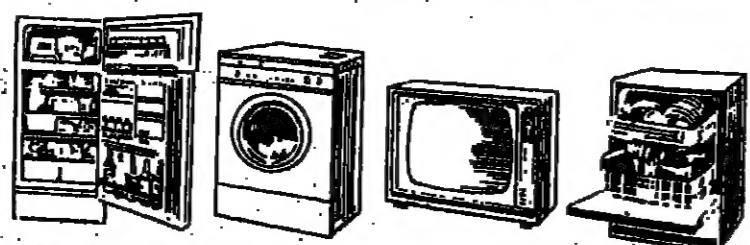
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EAGLE'S WINGS-UNPLUCKED

For a period of ten days, ending at the beginning of this week, El Al, Israel's airline, was grounded. The management claimed that this was due to a sabotaging strike by the mechanics; the maintenance men claimed that there was a lock-out. PHILIP GILLON reports.

EARLY in the history of El Al, when it consisted of a couple of second-hand small planes and an ambitious gleam in the eye of the late David Remez, then Minister of Transport, somebody — probably David Ben-Gurion — discovered that Isaiah had foretold that Jews would return to the homeland on the wings of an eagle, and had applied this happy prophecy to the nascent national airline. But at one period last week it seemed that the eagle was moulting its feathers so fast that it might soon have to quit business. Fortunately, the plucking of feathers ceased, and El Al is once again taking to the skies — provided that the control-tower men don't manage to damage those wings again.

The action, which led to the suspension of El Al operations for ten days, was differently described by the various participants in the drama. Management said that the maintenance mechanics had struck; the mechanics insisted that they were working as well as they could, but that they were too understaffed to maintain schedules, and that the management was to blame for what the mechanics called a lockout. In the result, all other workers in El Al, the Histadrut and the public were not impressed by the mechanics' claim.

Certainly the figures indicate that something changed radically in the mechanics' work methods. Between December 12 and 23, when incoming traffic was at its peak for Christmas, with El Al operating 80 per cent more flights than usual, all the traffic was handled smoothly, with a maximum delay of one hour. From December 23 to December 26, with the number of flights down again to normal winter schedules, delays caused by maintenance mechanics increased to as much as 14 hours. The management then suspended operations.

The thinking of management — certainly correct — was that it was better to divert customers to other airlines than to mess them around at airports for hours on end. Customers understand strikes and can adjust to changing to other airlines; but they cannot be expected to hang about indefinitely while mechanics turn wrenches in slow motion. Suspending operations cost El Al over IL2m. a day in lost revenue, but it robbed the mechanics of the potent weapon of customer indignation.

The 61 El Al maintenance mechanics do not work to norms, like the stoves in the ports, so that it cannot be said that work each man should produce during a set period. They work in three shifts covering 24 hours a day. Very seldom is a man expected to work more than an eight-hour shift, but work on Sabbaths and holidays is regarded as overtime for pay purposes.

Although there are no norms to

determine the output demanded of a man, there are certain routine day-to-day jobs that have to be finished in a shift, or the planes cannot fly on schedule — and flying on time is a matter of life and death for a scheduled airline. The position may be complicated when out-of-the-ordinary repairs are needed. In the case of the action by the mechanics, they failed to execute their routine jobs on time by working at a slow and ponderous tempo.

This deliberate lack of their usual efficiency cannot be termed working to rule, or a go-slow sticking to the letter of a labour contract, or a refusal to do overtime — procedures sometimes used by dissatisfied workers. The mechanics' action — or, rather, lack of action — was obviously an effort to make the continuation of operations impossible, in the hope that management would be forced to make concessions, over or under the table. Instead, management, backed by the Government, stood as firm as Massada.

THE EL AL mechanics are all very well trained ex-Israel Air Force men. It takes several years to train a first-rate mechanic, and the El Al men certainly do a good job, although their productivity is below that of American mechanics using equipment no better than El Al's. But this can be said of almost everyone in Israel. There is no question about the high quality of the work of the mechanics when they work normally.

A mechanic can rise in grade according to his ability: he has to pass oral and written examinations and get licences from

the Civil Aviation Authority, apart from the practical experience he acquires on the job. He can rise to Grade 1 aviation, but even that is not his summit — from there he can move up into the air, both in fact and in grade, by becoming a flight engineer, a member of a flying crew. The great planes of today require three men to operate all those buttons and switches we see on the vast control switches: a captain, an assistant captain, and a flight engineer.

A problem may arise in the future, because navigators are becoming redundant as electronics take over, and there is a plan to retrain them as flight engineers. This may affect 24 navigators, and it is only just that men who have been members of flight crews for a decade or two should remain so, despite the technological unemployment decreed for them by the machines. But the mechanics may resent the move, although, on paper, there is ample scope for all who qualify as flight engineers.

The present fight of the mechanics is to get more pay for men who stay a long time in the same grade; the argument is that men who do not rise to the peak, whether through their failure to pass further exams or because of objective circumstances beyond their control, should still get fatter pay envelopes as time passes. El Al's management has conceded the principle, which is included in the works contract, but the battle is on about the amounts and the periods. Management is prepared to pay an increment of IL84 to a mechanic who remains in the same grade for three years; if he stays there for a further 18

months, they will pay him another IL100.

This offer has been rejected by the mechanics, who are demanding an increment of IL210 after 18 months in the same grade, with a further IL200 after another two years. This claim is being strenuously resisted on several grounds. The first is that the amounts are too much for the company to bear; the second is that the increments might give a man more money than somebody who has just been promoted above him to a higher grade; the third, and probably strongest, is that it would start a chain reaction of demands by other employees in the company. And there is also the overriding new economic policy of the Government, which restricts management's discretion.

Although the mechanics have gone back to work at the same tempo as before December 24, they have not waived their right to ask for more. On the other hand, management is firmly committed to refusing more than the IL84 and IL100 already offered. So there may be more trouble ahead. But it will at least be around the negotiating table in a committee room.

ONE OF THE many questions puzzling the public is why such demands by workers, which are small compared to the overall wage problems, should lead to drastic and sudden strike action. The position varies with different works committees. Where these committees are particularly militant, they seem to be prepared to call strikes, or the equivalents of strikes, just to prove that they have bulging muscles under their

overall. The mechanics' committee in El Al has called 12 strikes in the last three years. The other eight works committees in the company are more reasonable — or perhaps more docile and ill-tempered, if you like your labour leaders to be tough.

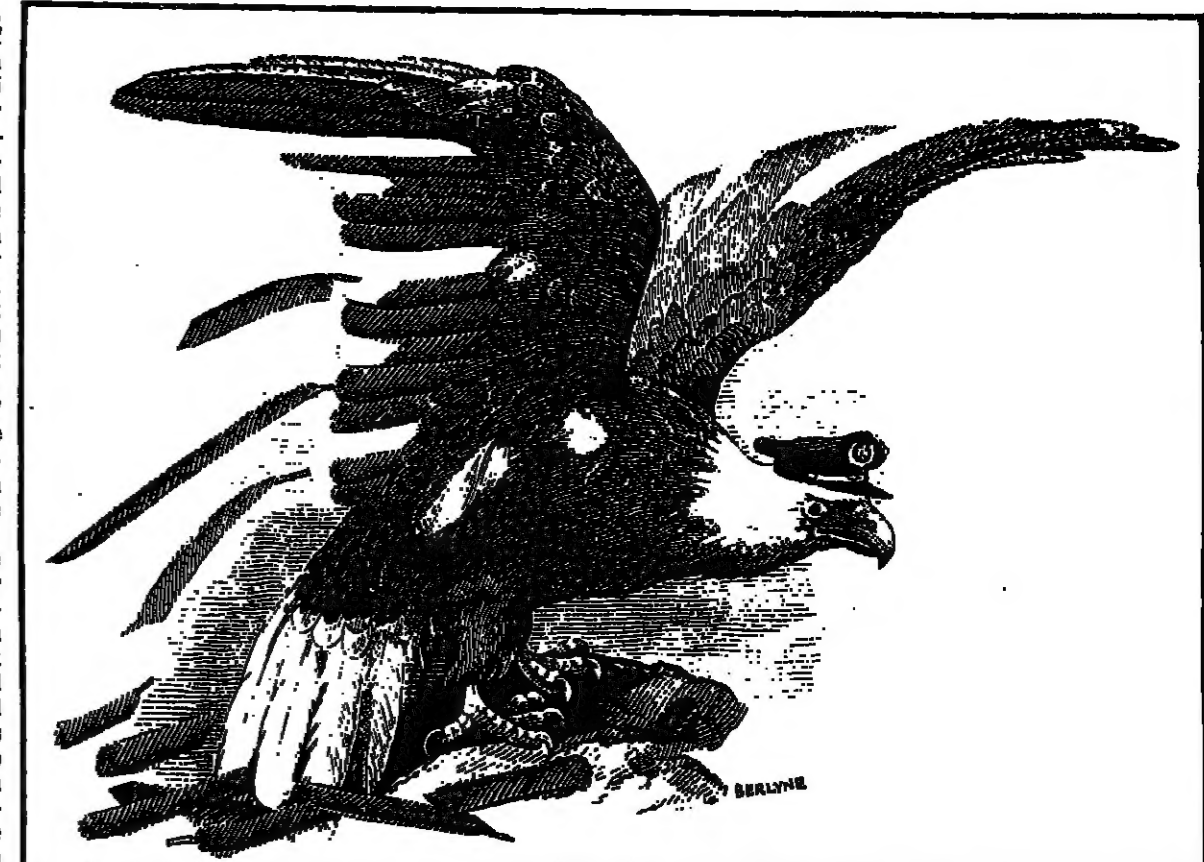
Somewhere high up in El Al suggested that the reason workers in the airline flex their muscles so much is that they are aware of what is happening to workers for airlines in other countries. The "social benefits" given to all El Al workers include the right to go abroad every year after five years of service. Strangely enough, only ten per cent of the employees exercise this right. But, goes the argument, enough of them go abroad, either on vacations or on courses, for them all to know what is going on in airlines around the globe, and to demand that they be placed in equivalent positions.

The contention, though interesting, is not altogether convincing: doctors, engineers, journalists and teachers also have contacts with colleagues abroad, without feeling that they have to rush to the barricades to obtain equivalent rates of pay. It is more probable that the reason for strikes or threats of strike in the airline, as in the ports, is the great and immediate vulnerability of the employer. If a company is going to lose IL2m. a day right off, plus perhaps even more in the goodwill of customers moved to other carriers, it is liable to be terrified of a strike. Doctors downing stethoscopes affect only a small part of the population — the sick — and it is some weeks before they can make the public aware of what a medical strike costs. The same applies to other professions.

APART FROM the mechanics, most of the El Al personnel use the strike threat sparingly. A month ago the pilots went out for one Saturday, alleging that they had suddenly been smitten by that old-time religion. By the following week they were as non-Orthodox as ever. That strike seems to have been intended as a warning that the country must leave the pilots alone, after Akiva Nof, M.K., had sought a court order compelling them to yield most of their pay in income tax. The fact that this action was taken by a citizen, and not by the Minister of Finance, was particularly worrying to the flying men. But the strike was unpopular, even among the pilots themselves, and need not be considered a threat of poor flying conditions ahead.

Many Israelis share Akiva Nof's indignation that the pilots' foreign earnings are not converted at the official rate and subjected to income tax accordingly. The pilots' answer is that the tricky arrangement was never suggested by them, but by the Government; for their part, they would be fully prepared to pay any amount of tax

Continued on page 4



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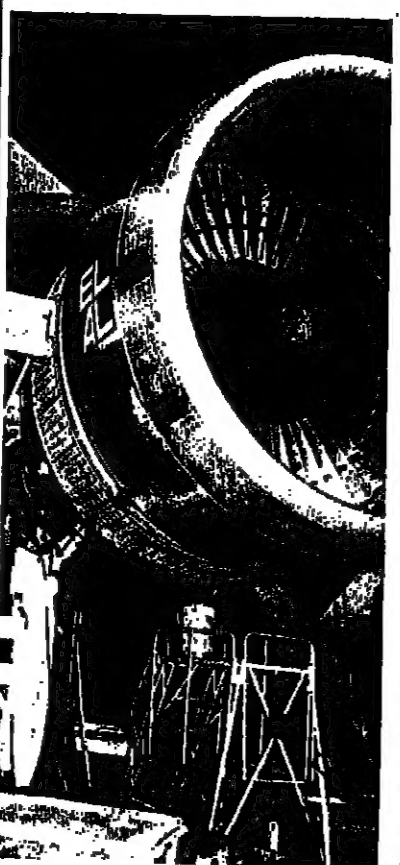
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EAGLE'S WINGS

Continued from page 3



— provided their net earnings remained the same, comparable to, even though less than, the earnings of most pilots on foreign airlines.

An El Al 747 captain with over 15 years experience earns in the neighbourhood of IL10,000 net a month, if his foreign salary is converted into Israeli currency. A captain of a 707 earns a net IL5,000, while a first officer gets IL3,000. But, the pilots point out, obviously with justice, a man who had to live abroad 15 days a month, at the same time maintaining his home in Israel, has inordinate expenses, far transcending those of a person working entirely in Israel. Anybody who has ever ventured abroad can corroborate this claim. Even before the current inflation hit America and Europe, dollars and marks, francs and pounds flew out of the pilots' hands faster than jet planes under them.

The best-paid pilots in the world are senior captains working for Delta Airlines, who get \$100,000 a year. Pan Am pilots get \$70,000 to \$80,000. The French and British are better paid than the Israelis, although not nearly as well as the Americans.

El Al pilots point out with great pride that, apart from their one day apasim of religion, they have not gone on strike for 11 years, and that they are fully prepared to honour their present contract, which unlike most other wage contracts, is a three-year one.

THE REASON why the mechanics came to heel is still not clear. Perhaps it was that terrifying action by the Histadrut — with withdrawal of its protection — although I have yet to find anyone who understands what this dire communication meant.

Theoretically, I presume, all 617 mechanics could have been sacked on the spot, but this was hardly likely to have happened.

A contributory factor to the mechanics' climb-down must have been the refusal of the other works committees to back them: the pilots openly and publicly backed management and the Histadrut, while other workers were at most neutral. The reaction of the public was also very strong; the mechanics became the black-hat villains in the sketch, because they were the first to challenge the Government's new economic policy. Certainly this is hardly a time to hold vital services up to ransom: on television a bleak shot of a "temporary" mechanic facing unemployment in tears must have deterred the militants.

Could El Al and the Government have taken any action other than suspending operations? One theoretical possibility might have been to mobilize the mechanics as members of the Israel Defence Forces, and then to put them to work at army wages. A threat to do this has been used in the past against bus drivers, but it has never been put into effect.

Another possible threat, with more teeth in it, would be to transfer the maintenance of El Al to Israel Aircraft Industries, which has a huge and able staff. For two decades, imperialists, in I.A.I. have had their hungry eyes on their diminutive neighbour.

THE MECHANICS still contend that El Al is under-staffed, and that this is the reason why the delays arose. If so, there may be squalls ahead, because management believes that they are not working to full capacity, but is keeping them all on, because El Al is to get another Jumbo in November, 1975. The present plan is that the maintenance staff will not be augmented to deal with it.

Management talks wistfully of some day getting the nine works committees merged into one, so that the people concerned with manpower could get on with the job of improving productivity for the company, and increasing the happiness of the staff, instead of being engaged full time in negotiations with different and competing committees.

This will undoubtedly remain a managerial dream. As elsewhere in Israel, everybody in El Al keeps a keen eye on what somebody else is getting — if a ground hostess is granted an extra ten minutes' tea break, the senior pilots will expect some equivalent award. To give in an inch to the mechanics, whether under strike threat or around the table, will bring down a flock of demands on management. Hence they will probably be tough.

This attitude will be reinforced by the Government's determination to hold the line of the new economic policy. So the prospects of the mechanics' getting their way are very dim at present. This does not mean, as the Government obviously hopes, that the whole country will meekly toe the line set by Finance Minister Rabinowitz. We may expect more strikes.

Despite the trouble with the mechanics, the Middle East tension and the world depression, El Al claims that the future — even the immediate future — looks bright. Bookings for the spring are surprisingly good. When the new Jumbo is delivered — it will be a convertible, suitable for either passengers or goods — the fleet will consist of four 747's and ten 707's. This makes El Al a very respectable eagle by any standards.



RITA TETERUK arrived from Kiev in November 1973. She went to an ulpan in Kiryat Shmona, and enjoyed it thoroughly. But she did not stay to the end, because she got a job with the Keter publishing company in Jerusalem. She is happy there, likes the work and has many friends. Israel is all that she expected it to be — yet she is close to a nervous breakdown. Two organizations are to blame, she says: the Jewish Agency and the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption.

The trouble centres in a single problem, housing. Rita is unmarried, alone, has no relatives in Israel. Her parents are dead; she has an only brother in Kiev, with whom she does not correspond lest she embroil him with the authorities.

Understandably, a flat is important to her. She came to Jerusalem in March of last year. I talked to her on December 24. She still had not been allocated a permanent home. And the contract for her rented apartment was due to expire on December 31.

DURING all the long months from March to December, Rita was on pins and needles. She applied repeatedly to the Ministry, was told that the Housing Committee would sit. It sat, and rejected her application each time. The word was not "rejected" but "postponed," or rather, to use the dry phrase on the form despatched to her: "For renewed consideration when flats become available."

She tried other officials, she went back to the Agency. She took with her a letter she had written to the chairman, Pinhas Sapir. Sapir's assistant received her, sent her to someone else in the Agency, who contacted the Absorption Ministry. Rita shuttled back and forth between officials, each one asking her to return tomorrow, on Friday, next week. Every time she came they were not there, or had not managed to do anything, or had no answer.

"I questioned them about the criteria used in allocating flats," she told me. "They said, the mentally deficient have priority. If that is so — I think I shall soon qualify."

The day after our interview — that is, on December 25 — the committee at long last granted her an apartment, in an unfinished block in Gilo. Which apartment? They cannot say. When will it be ready? They do not know.

"MENTALLY DEFICIENT? That's what happens when words are taken out of their context," observes El Amir, head of the Ministry's District Office for Jerusalem and the South. "The nub of the situation is that we don't have enough flats to supply applicants straightaway, so we have to fix priorities. Rita is young, fit, has no dependants, can fend for herself. We must provide housing first for those who are most vulnerable, who are old or

RIGHTS & WRONGS

One commodity which is not in short supply is immigrants' complaints. DAVID KRIVINE received one recently on the subject of housing for the single newcomer, and he took it to a Ministry official to find out how far it was justified.



yes, sick, mentally or otherwise; people who need a place of refuge."

Amir's office is locked (from the outside, by his secretary), because otherwise, angry immigrants will break in. Their demands often seem over-exigent. One man, a university professor, has been offered a flat of 88 sq.m. in Gilo, but wants to be settled in French Hill. The only dwelling available there is 98 sq.m., which the Ministry cannot give him because it is for a larger family. (If he were to get it, the news would spread like wildfire, creating a precedent).

Another recent arrival has a nice apartment, but his wife has quarrelled with her father-in-law, and the old man must be settled elsewhere. The Ministry agrees, and is waiting for suitable accommodation to become available.

"When will that be?" "We don't know." "We don't know" — that is the refrain which drives immigrants to exasperation. Amir raises his hands helplessly:

"It's hard to plan exactly, because the authorities never know in advance how many immigrants will come from the Soviet Union. And we never manage to build up a decent reserve. A year ago there was a lull in new arrivals, so the Housing Ministry appropriated 1,800 units for another pressing need, made urgent by Black Panther demonstrations at the time."

"The man you saw asked me when that flat will be ready for his father. I cannot say next week, next month, because it wouldn't be a true answer. I really don't know. There are delays in completion. People must try to be patient. The point is that all their shouting, and banging of tables, and running from one official to the other makes no difference.

Finding *protektzia* doesn't help either."

"Doesn't it?" I queried. "I get phone calls every day, from Knesset members and others. My answer is always negative. I shall never give in to such pressures. How can I? In the next room sit the State Comptroller and the Ombudsman. Outside are the different immigrant associations. They will demolish me if I deviate from the rules."

THE PEOPLE who rate a high priority have least cause to complain. Families with children who go straight from ship to apartment, newcomers in absorption centres who have to be moved out because newcomers need their place, these get the speediest treatment. Worst off are the single people. There used to be no provision for them at all. Now, a person over 25 is entitled to a small apartment and some of these are (slowly) being built.

Rita just comes into the age qualification. On learning this, she thought she was secure. And then she realized that perhaps she wasn't. Instead of being cherished as a Jew come home, she is confronted with a series of what look like cunningly devised traps, designed to cheat her of her rights. First of all, her immigrant privileges last only three years. If the committee goes on rejecting her application, the three years may be up — and she will no longer be entitled to a flat.

Then, the Ministry foxily (it seems) suggests that she opt for the "one-third" arrangement — that she accept one room in a three-room flat. The two other rooms will be occupied by two other single woman immigrants, all three sharing the common services. Another trick. If she falls for that one, it is goodbye to a flat of her own for life. An ordinary

She no longer believes them. Rita cannot wait quietly for what she does not think will come. Arguments flare up. Ordinary people serving in the Ministry got to look like oligarchs.

THERE IS an inherent flaw, for which the individual civil servants cannot be held altogether responsible. They are saddled with a task that cannot be performed. It is proper for a government to supply assets to the public at large, like school places or hospital beds. It is not proper for a government to distribute too few assets among too many applicants. That job should be left to the private market.

If the Absorption Ministry could sign a contract undertaking to give Rita a 35 sq.m. flat within 18 months at the most, that would be a solution. A clause in the contract could state that she must not bother the Ministry until she hears from them. She would not need to, if she were convinced that the contract was binding. She does not enjoy pestering the officials. The certain knowledge that a flat was to be hers would relax her tension and relieve her distress.

Alternatively, the distribution of flats should be removed from the Government's hands altogether. Now that inflation is on its way out (and if, hopefully, it stays out), the opportunity could be taken of decentralizing the control of housing. The building companies should go on constructing flats for immigrants. But applicants for accommodation would make their own arrangements. They would be referred to the local estate agents, would buy the apartment direct from the housing company or contractor. The Jewish Agency would supply the mortgage loan.

It is likely that each person might settle his housing problem more quickly and efficiently this way. Selection would be by price. He would pay more for a big flat, less for a small one, least of all for one-third of a flat. The government would offset the higher expense to the immigrant by channelling a bigger loan in his direction. If the loan charged zero interest and was linked to the price index, it could carry a longer redemption period, thus reducing the size of the monthly payments. There would be no temptation to over-buy (to take a larger flat than needed) if there was no financial advantage in it, given that all properties would be sold at their current market price.

This method has great advantages. It is less humiliating to the purchaser. He no longer has to haunt Ministry corridors, ingratiate himself with officials, wait for committees to make their decisions. It would put an end to one of the most damaging factors impeding the successful settlement of an immigrant like Rita — the bureaucracy that emerges when civil servants try to do a job that does not rightly belong to the civil service.

There is here a crisis of faith.

THEY SAID HE wouldn't answer his phone. He had cancelled his appearance as principal speaker at the closing literary session of the 39th International P.E.N. Congress at the Diplomat Hotel in Jerusalem because he was feeling ill. He was tired of so much talk and so many people. He wouldn't leave his hotel room.

But he did, after all, answer his phone, and he did agree to see an old admirer, because Eugene Ionesco is a very decent man who wishes the world were better than it is and tries to make it so.

Ionesco doesn't smile much. He is a complex man, a shy and gentle introvert who exudes an air of near-despair at the absurd madness around him. His soft voice is full of sorrow, tempered with flashes of warmth and humour.

Like Samuel Beckett, the Irishman whom Rumanian-born Ionesco considers "the most important French-writing author of our time," he has been labelled a pessimist. Echoing Beckett, he points out: "If I had no hope, why would I write? If I continue to cry out my warnings, it is in the hope of awakening man."

"One is a pessimist or optimist according to events which one can judge individually. But hope itself is a mysterious thing. It belongs to the world of mystery. I have never lost it."

Ionesco's presence in Israel this time — the latest of several visits — was an indication of this essential hopefulness. He had come for the first International P.E.N. Congress to be held here. The timing was apt. It followed Ionesco's blatantly political anti-Israel resolution, which Ionesco had dubbed "incomprehensible, especially against a country that has done so much for culture and knowledge and could do so much more for the benefit of the entire world."

Now, wrapped in a robe, with a splendid panorama of Judean hills sprawled below his hotel room window, he elaborated on his love for Israel.

He first discovered the country more than a decade ago, "by accident, when I was invited here because a play of mine was being performed. I came with little enthusiasm but some curiosity — and I was conquered by your land."

"Precisely because I am a Christian; I cannot understand how the world has forgotten that there would be no Moslems nor Christians if there had not first been the Old Testament. Even Marxism would be incomprehensible without the Bible. And now we have this modern land, so extremely courageous and valiant and hospitable, which has been subjected to so many trials and yet has created a garden out of a desert."

A TOUCH of steel brightened Ionesco's melancholy eyes. "I have seen that Israel is an enclosed land. You have been thrown, once again, into a sort of ghetto, the object of hatred and of the bad conscience of an entire world, which doesn't know how to free itself from that bad conscience except by accusing Israel of all faults, possible and impossible."

Why? The question that plagues all Israelis was instinctive. "How can one explain the absurd? Partly, of course, for political reasons. We all know that Israel is the last rampart of the West. We all know that Russia wants to chase out the West and possess the whole Mediterranean. If this happens, I'm convinced it will be the Arabs who will suffer most and regret it

I write, therefore I hope

In one of his rare interviews, EUGENE IONESCO talks about hope, hypocrisy, the world's plight and his love for Israel to PEARL SHEFFY GEFEN.

Michael Mathias Precht
The New York Times



most. If the Russians come, their oil will no longer belong to the Arabs."

Ionesco has been intimately associated with the Theatre of the Absurd, an adjective-turned-noun which he has defined as "that which is devoid of purpose. Cut off from his religious, metaphysical and transcendental roots, man is lost, and all his actions become senseless, absurd, useless."

In his plays, Ionesco, with frightening logic, shows life as a "grotesque practical joke" in which nothing and nobody is sane. The French word "fou" (mad, insane) comes often to his lips.

It was inevitable that Ionesco tackle the subject of Macbeth in his latest play being performed at Habimah. "All I have done," he insists, "is to take up again the eternal theme of that writer who was the ancestor and precursor of repeat what Shakespeare said, in a slightly different way."

"Basically, I wanted to show two things: first, that the world is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. There is no more magical definition to express what is happening to humanity. Secondly, I wanted, in the light of Shakespeare, to show that power corrupts — it turned Macbeth, an honest soldier, into a monster — and that we can never have decent leadership until the moment when people will be forced to be leaders, when they will not want power, when they will consider it a distasteful duty they will have to assume for the benefit

of man. Then we will understand that a man who wants power, who seeks for it, whether as a city official or a prime minister, is a 'fou,' that we are dealing with a madman."

Ionesco's "Mac-Bet" has been performed in Paris, the U.S., Germany and Eastern Europe. But, he notes, "it was a success only in the East, because only they understood what it was about. In the West, they understood nothing at all."

THE COMMENT is ironic, for Ionesco has been equally violent in his condemnation of Left and Right. Two years ago, in an unexpected gloomy address at the Salzburg Festival, he said: "Revolutions undertaken in the name of liberty and justice, for liberty and justice, have only brought tyranny and inferno."

Now he resumed the sad subject: "I think that, behind the most beautiful flags and behind the most generous ideologies, there is too often, quite simply, a stupid hatred of man against man. That is what must be understood."

"The Left has already unmasked the Right, and we know what the Right is, the power of capital, the exploitation of man and so on. We know all that very well. His furrowed face hardened. "But we must also unmask the true motives and motives of that permanent aggression of the Left."

With a disconsolate smile, he added: "In an Eastern European country, there is a popular saying that, in the time of capitalism,

there was the exploitation of Man by Man; and that now, it's the reverse!"

Ionesco's hatred of hypocrisy has led him to condemn Jean-Paul Sartre, "not," he stressed, because of his writings, his literature, but because of what he has done at times in his life. I accuse him, for example, of having known that there were documents proving that thousands of people were being tortured in the Soviet Union, that millions were dead, but refusing to say so in order not to give pleasure to the bourgeoisie! That is stupidity."

"There was a Sartre I once respected, in the years 1945-48, despite his *L'Étre et le Neant*, which is a work of negative metaphysics. I respected him in those years because he wanted, with Camus and others, to create a new world party, which would be called the Third Force, or perhaps the Fourth, because it would be neither bourgeois nor fascist nor communist. But that formula has never been found."

Does he insist, then, that a writer be committed? "He doesn't have to be necessarily committed as a writer, but he must be as a citizen, as a man. And even if he isn't politically committed, the writer is committed in his work, by his work, because he is responsible for the vision of the world which he gives."

But will he be heard? "In the last analysis, yes. We have a living example of what is happening in Russia, where we have hundreds of martyred writers, and something is changing. And you

saw that Unesco has been morally condemned by writers all over the world." In Paris, we started with 30 writers, then we were 200, and now 2,000. The voice of human conscience is making itself heard, because this conscience is beginning to exist. People who had no sense of their responsibility, people of the Right and of the Left, rose unanimously and their hearts were awakened."

"In Salzburg, when I tried to make the world aware it was in danger, I failed. But now things have gone so far, the dangers of nuclear destruction, of pollution, of economic catastrophe are so enormous, that people are finally waking up. Recently, the French magazine *L'Express* published a leading article of alarm, and this issue sold two million copies."

WHAT must be done? "First of all, hatred must be replaced, if not by love, at least by friendship, because if hope is a mystery, evil and hatred are also mysteries. Dostoyevsky's *Idiot* asked why we don't love each other, for it would be so much easier, and everything would work out so well."

"It is all terribly difficult, because we can't easily return to the civilization of 1830, as Solzhenitsyn wants, for that was the civilization of wood, and wood no longer exists. The world is too large, there are too many people."

Ionesco has often said that man is evil by nature. "We all know that the world is the prey of evil, that man fights constantly against the forces of evil, that he must constantly overcome them but he is too often conquered by them. I wrote 'Rhinoceros' because I saw all around me that more and more people were becoming Nazis. This is a world of cruelty and violence where everybody fears everybody else, where Che Guevara is a popular hero because he personifies the two basic tendencies of the human spirit, sadism and masochism."

If man is evil, then so is society. Ionesco once wrote that "no society has been able to abolish human sadness, no political system can deliver us from the pain of living, from our fear of death, from our thirst for the absolute." But perhaps society's recognition of Ionesco signals a change. He — the avant-garde, writer par excellence — was elected a member of the prestigious Académie Française in 1970. In 1973, he won the Jerusalem Prize in recognition of his ultimate cry against totalitarianism in "Rhinoceros" and his portrait of man's constant search for the absolute human love in "Hunger and Thirst."

But, for all his hope, Ionesco avoids society. He lives quietly in Paris — he left Rumania in 1933 when the fascist Iron Guard came to power — and goes out very little.

He appreciates success, he admits with a glint in his eye as he packs up my tape-recorder and reluctantly refuse an offer of coffee — he has given me too much of his time already, I fear. "I do not write purely from selfish motives," he admonishes his admirer and himself. "There is also vanity there." Then why doesn't he capitalize on his fame? "Oh, I don't know. It tires me. Does he not like people? He is too kind a man to admit this."

"But yes, if they come to my home, or when I go to see friends. But I don't want to see too many people, because dialogue is not yet possible, because discussion is not yet possible, because people are mad and they do not yet know what is happening to them."

UNDERGROUND HERODIUM



Steps joining underground halls to the palace courtyard (Zev Radovan)

Sylvia Mann

WHAT WAS THE FATE of Bar Kochba's heroic fighters at Herodium who, in 135 C.E., used brave but hopeless guerrilla tactics to stem the might of Rome? Some clues to this mystery may eventually come to light as a result of a project that has been carried out on Herod the Great's sumptuous palace not far from Bethlehem for the past two summer seasons.

This is an extension of the work on the hilltop site sponsored by the National Parks Authority after the Six Day War. The Authority is now providing financial assistance for a dig directed by architect-archaeologist Ehud Netzer on behalf of the Hebrew University. The unskilled labour has been provided by young volunteers of the Bnei Akiva movement under the auspices of the Kfar Etzion Field School.

According to Josephus Flavius, Herod erected monuments to his parents, relatives and friends, yet "did not neglect a memorial for himself, but built a fortress upon a mountain towards Arabia, and named it from himself, Herodium."

Describing the building, Josephus continues, "he built round towers all about the top of it, and filled the remaining space with the most costly palaces." Particularly relevant to the latest discoveries is Josephus' statement that "he brought a mighty quantity of water from a great distance and at vast charges, and raised an ascent to it of 200 steps of the whitest marble...He also built other palaces about the roots of the hill."

Archaeological investigations — all agreeing with Josephus' observations — have been going on here at intervals since 1886, when the French scholar, F. de Saulcy, remarked on the towers and battlements visible in the mountain's cone; on the quantities of white mosaic stones; and on the vaulted ceiling of what was later found to be a bath-house.

A great deal of information was gained and many artefacts were brought to light; but little or nothing was done to preserve or reconstruct the relics. This was left to an Israeli delegation which arrived there soon after the Six Day War, when Dr. Gideon Foerster, of the Department of Antiquities, sponsored by the National Parks Authority, began to strengthen and partially repair certain structures on the site to prevent their total collapse.

DURING THE COURSE of the work, Dr. Foerster uncovered the main entry to the citadel, which was through a gateway 2.30m. broad and some 4.50m. in height, as well as traces of the monumental stairway remarked upon by Josephus. A particularly significant find was the evidence of a great conflagration. Among the ashes were coins of the fourth year of the First Revolt — about 69 C.E. — bearing out the theory that Herodium was a Zealot stronghold.

Another interesting disclosure was the existence of a network of water cisterns beneath the ground level of the palace compound. These were found to be partly filled by the debris left from the Roman destruction of Herodium in 72 C.E., and to be interconnected by a system of tunnels forming a subterranean fortress used by Bar Kochba and his men during the Second Revolt of 132-135 C.E.

used by Bar Kochba and his men during the Second Revolt of 132-135 C.E.

ON A RECENT journalists' tour we were shown, near the main gateway, a newly-discovered, stepped mikve, or ritual bath, with twin side pools. This was apparently constructed by the Zealot defenders during the First Revolt, at the same time as one of the grand Herodian halls in the castle was turned into a synagogue.

Adjacent to the mikve was a padlocked iron grating guarding the tunnel entry. This was opened, and we descended a steep gallery, partly filled with crumbling grey rock. From here spread out a honeycomb of similar passages, which burrowed into the depths of the hill. Many of them had beautifully worked vaulted ceilings; others were supported by wooden beams, charred remnants of which still remained in place, while rock-hewn steps linked the various levels. Niches for holding oil lamps were hollowed out along the walls, which were broken at intervals by small side chambers, possibly guardrooms or stores.

Light and air filtered in through openings in the roof. Some of these shafts were probably originally boreholes for drawing up water to the Herodian palace, others seem to have been pierced by Bar Kochba's forces. Evidence of the presence of such forces appears in the Bar Kochba letters written in 134 C.E., which were found in Wadi Murabba'at, near the Dead Sea. One reference reads:

"On the 20th of Shevat, year two of the liberation of Israel by Shim'on Ben Kosiba, Prince of Israel. In the camp which is at Herodium..."

FROM THIS MEDLEY of writings, of material finds, of archaeological excavations and of probabilities, emerges a still incomplete picture of the early history of Herodium. First comes the grandiose planning and execution of Herod, the royal architect with unsurpassed vision and imagination. Having chosen the cone-shaped mountain "towards Arabia" — at the point where he had defeated the Parthian army — he established a town at its foot, bringing to it ample water from the rich springs of Ein Arrub some 12 km. to the west.

Halfway up the hill, in the bowels of the earth, he hollowed out tremendous, beautifully built reservoirs.

On the mountain top, which he heightened artificially, he placed his famous circular palace with its round towers, grand entrance, peristyles and halls with coloured frescoes, and, somewhere in the very depths of the hill, he prepared a magnificent mausoleum for himself.

Little more than a century had passed when Herodium, like Masada, became a Zealot rallying-point against Rome during the First Revolt. It held out until conquered in 72 C.E. then 60 years later, during the Second Revolt, it again became a Jewish stronghold for Bar Kochba's undercover troops.

No human remains of these brave defenders have yet been found, so it is likely that they escaped, but did they reach nearby Betar, where Shim'on Bar Kochba was digging in for a last unsuccessful stand against the enemy? Were they sold at the slave market of Ramat el Hallil near Hebron? Or were they fortunate enough to find refuge in Galilee, where, after war and hardship, Jewish communities were beginning a new life?

אמר

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THERE IS no building freeze at the ski-settlement of Neve Ativ, perched a thousand metres up among this winter's fluffing snows on Mount Hermon. If the delayed precipitation has disappointed Israeli gliders, this hard-working moshav, which operates the ski station, can at least draw some satisfaction from weather conditions which have not interfered with the construction of its all-year resort.

At the base camp, where at 1,600m. cable cars lift skiers the remaining 400m. to the top of a 5½-km. ski run, all building activity has stopped until next summer. But at the moshav itself, Israeli and Druse workers are completing a complex of 44 villas, 20 of which should be ready for occupancy by the end of the month.

The original Neve Ativ, founded in 1971, was almost totally destroyed during the short-lived Syrian advance in the Yom Kippur War. Subsequently, the ten families who returned to the site became the nucleus of a concerted effort that has already restored and expanded the rapidly crystallizing holiday camp. In this effort they are being assisted financially and guided by the Ministry for Tourism, the Government Tourist Company, and the World Zionist Organization.

The settlement derives its name from the initials of four soldiers who fell in fighting on the Golan — Avraham, Tuvia, Ya'ir and Benyamin.

Today the settlement, which aims to draw 70 per cent of its revenue from the ski station and summer tourism, has more than a 100 applicants, including new immigrants, who want to join it. It will accept less than 40 in the first stage of its development, with the completion of the 44 housing units, and these on a strict selective basis.

"We want people who won't feel humiliated by having to serve guests," says "Dubi" Alexander, youthful Hadera-born administrative head of the camp. "And we'll be just as choosy in accepting people for our other activities — agriculture, carpentry, etc."

A good proportion of the applicants are new immigrants, and some even temporary residents. Two recent arrivals who are already part of the group are Daniel Godelli from Venice, who in Italy made frequent ski excursions to the Alps, and young Dana Eli, who was born in England to a family of Yemenite Jews now back in Israel.

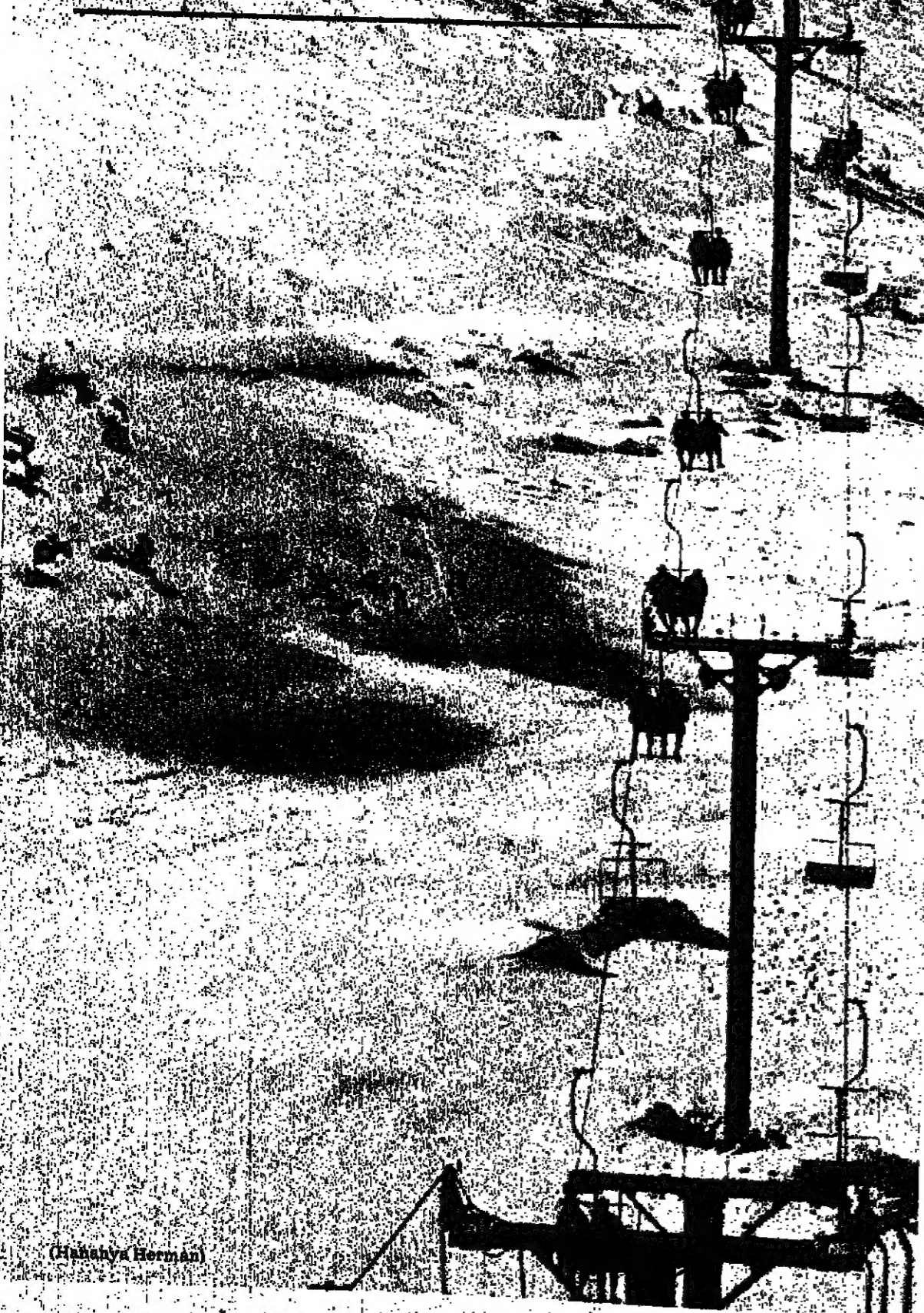
THE FOUR-ROOM VILLAS now under construction are in the "luxury" class — floor space just 86 sq.m., but with steam heating, gas cookers and two bathrooms — built at a cost of IL130,000. One of the rooms, with its separate facilities, is isolated in one corner of the house and earmarked for vacationers. Essential services will be provided by the householders, but meals must be eaten in the communal dining room.

During the year that has elapsed since the war, the moshav has sent a number of its people for professional training as receptionists, managers, cooks, etc. It has also drawn on the experience of foreign ski experts in developing its camp.

The main 1,500m. cable car installation, which had escaped serious damage, was recommissioned and augmented by a second line to an easier course for youngsters and beginners. The ski runs themselves were cleared and two parking lots paved. The

Waiting for the snow

Story and pictures by George Leonof



(Hahshva Hermon)

larger 900-car lot is located some 3 km. below the camp. The second, at the camp itself, is for use only on weekdays. No private vehicles are permitted above the main parking lot on Fridays and Satur-

days in order to avoid congestion on the road, which is reserved on these days for shuttle-buses and intrepid foot-sloggers.

There are no restrictions on access to all sections of the camp,

Dubi feels that this information, and the fact that the area is as safe as Tel Aviv, is not sufficiently known in Israel. Indeed, the settlement and ski camp are ringed by military fortifications,

augmented by defence positions, the camp itself.

Essentially a ski station, Neve Ativ must be unique in that it is not out of business because of the lack of snow. Unlike its equivalents in Europe, where an estimated 80 per cent of visitors come to ski, Neve Ativ's guests are 90 per cent excursionists, including many who bring their children for a first sight of the snowy phenomenon. Some 1,700 came at the last snowless weekend just for a look-see.

But the plans call for a sharp reversal of this ratio. Neve Ativ has all the essential equipment of a fully qualified ski station, including up-to-date heavy machinery which can rapidly ramp down and prepare a ski run, clamber anywhere for a rescue operation, and clear avalanche obstructions. It has in addition complete personal paraphernalia for several hundred skiers, with instructors on the spot for beginners.

In cooperation with the major guest-houses of Upper Galilee and the Thurel Gallé tour company, Neve Ativ has prepared a "White Weekend" package for ski enthusiasts. For IL125, you get transportation from Tel Aviv direct to the ski site, on Friday morning, dinner, bed and breakfast at one of the area's top hostels, are taken back to the slopes for another gliding session the next morning, and returned home at the end of the Sabbath. On the deal are such popular kibbutzim as Ayelet Hashahar, Hagoshrim, Kfar Giladi and Kfar Blum.

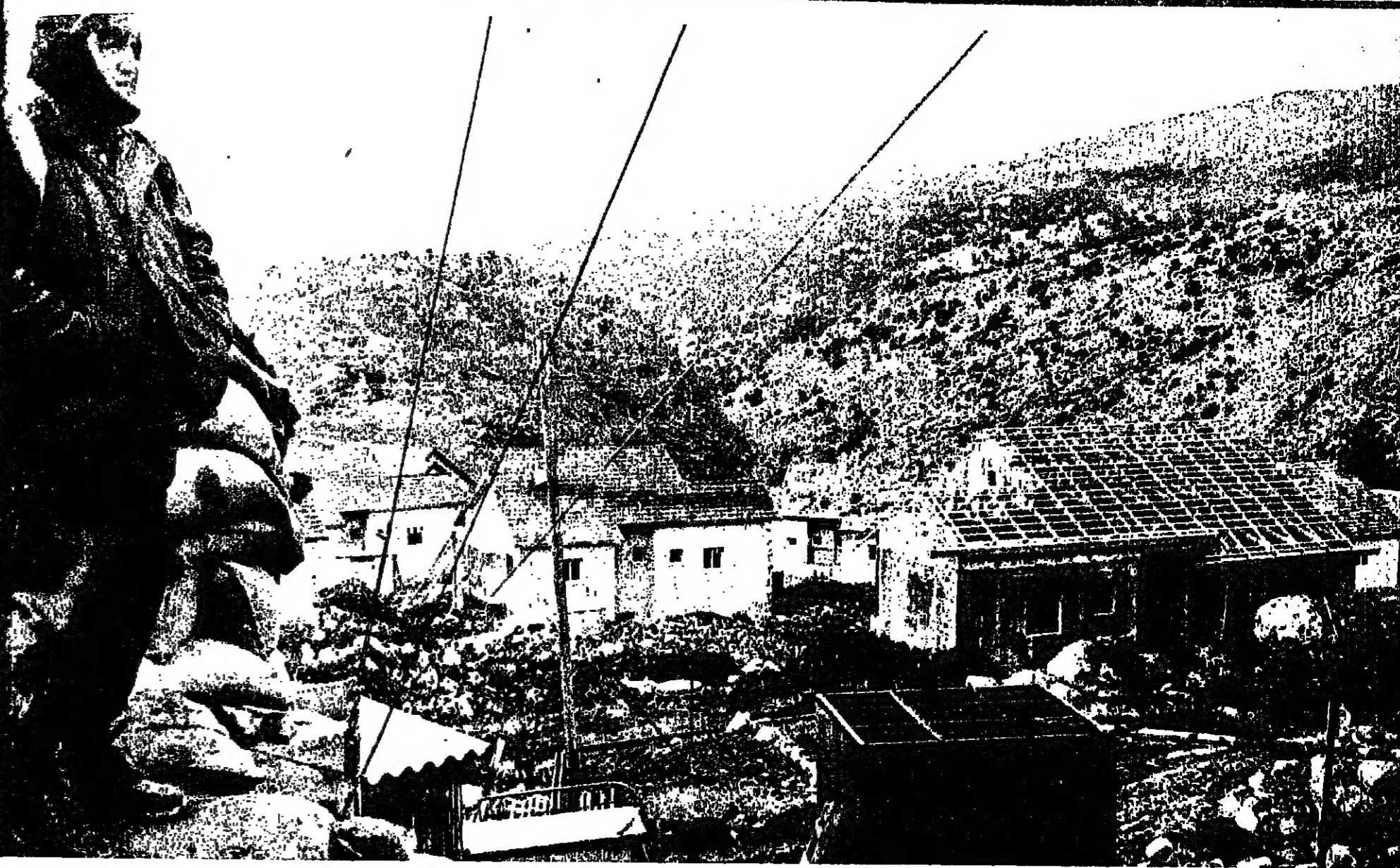
Public transportation to the ski camp is also available from the guest-houses for those who come by themselves. This year's prices include IL10 for private parking at the main lot, IL40 for an unlimited number of lifts by cable car during the day, and IL8 for single lifts. A snack bar serves hot, light food and drink at the camp.

NEVE ATIV is making a major play for recognition as a summer mountain resort too, capitalizing on its altitude and magnificent scenery. The moshav, which is at practically the same altitude as the ruined Crusader fortress of Nirod, boasts a breathtaking view of the Hula Valley.

When the snows melt, the moshav will embark on the second stage of construction, in which the present dining room, offices and modest quarters will be remade into a two-storey building which will add 40 modern guest rooms, an enlarged dining hall, and recreation facilities.

Three million pounds have been invested in the ski-station and the settlement itself so far. The second stage, for which another IL7m. have been earmarked, will include construction at the ski station of a central sports club, which will comprise a ski school and training centre, dressing rooms, a service block and equipment store. The blueprints include provisions for a closed shelter and a smaller restaurant at the top terminal of the cable cars.

Agriculture for this moshav is a minor sideline, "but it will provide variety," Dubi explains. The moshav, which tried to grow avocado and apples at its own level but found the frost too severe, is now planting the same trees on a 400-dunam plot in the Banias area. At home, farming efforts are limited to the cultivation of champignons using a chemical compound in place of the horse manure which spread the fame of the French mushroom throughout the Western world.



Benry watches over some of the new villas now nearing completion. (Below, right) Dana, English-born Yemenite member of the moshav.



Machine levels ski run. (Below) Tourism Minister and Mrs. Kol.



Post-Holocaust puzzles

HUNTER AND HUNTED: Human History of the Holocaust. Selected and edited by Gerd Korman. N.Y., Viking, 320pp. \$8.95.

THE BORMANN BROTHERHOOD by William Stevenson. London, Arthur Baker, XVIII + 334 pp. £3.25.

Abraham S. Hyman

ANY ASPIRING writer should find "Hunter and Hunted" a source of encouragement, for this book provides conclusive proof that almost anything can get published.

The book is an anthology on the Holocaust. Its author is Associate Professor at Cornell University's New York School of Industrial Labour Relations.

The book is characterized by atrocious English: crudeness bordering on the obscene; insensitivity; obscurantism; and the total abdication of the author's responsibility as an editor, leading to the inclusion of material that has no place in an anthology on the Holocaust. The only part of the book that is passable, although not in every instance showing discriminating taste, is the material that has been previously published, and a few pages appearing in print for the first time. The rest — including the author's preface, introduction and epilogue — is either bad writing, in bad taste, or both.

Among the hitherto unpublished material is a large part of a letter written by the author's father, who describes his experience on the S.S. St. Louis, the ship which left Hamburg in May, 1939 with some 900 Jewish passengers, and piled the oceans in search of a country that would admit them. Following is part of this letter:

"We boarded the St. Louis in a spirit of gaiety... as the ship began to move slowly from its moorings a grand vision possessed each of us: sixteen days on a luxurious floating hotel... The food was excellent, and ample enough to satisfy the heartiest of appetites; those convinced that they had to eat everything soon discovered the discomfort of overstuffing stomachs unaccustomed to ocean voyages (emphasis mine — A.S.H.). Our diversions were many. We could sun ourselves on the deck, walk the promenade dock... or amuse ourselves on the sports deck... In the evening the programme alternated among three activities: movies in one hall, dancing in another, and concerts in still a third... The ladies really came into their own with all these diversions, for they could show off their entire wardrobes, from formal wear to play suits."

So much for what Prof. Korman, in an introductory note, calls a "human document" which "outlines one individual's experience of the travails of refugee life."

Here are two more examples of Prof. Korman's editorial taste. One is a letter by a Jewish U.S. Army doctor who visited Dachau the day after its liberation. After seeing the horrors of Dachau, he returns to Augsburg. There the Germans "were well off compared to what we had seen... it was much easier to live in that atmosphere... in a good clean city than to think about what we had



seen" (emphasis mine).

Another letter is written by a non-Jewish American soldier who entered the Mauthausen death camp four days after its liberation. He writes: "They (the survivors) couldn't be given freedom outside the camp yet until they had been fattened up and sorted and disinfected..." and "Why they (the Germans, apparently) didn't dig pits and dump them (those beyond recovery) in as we have been doing with the twenty-five to fifty that are still dying in spite of our efforts to save them, I can't understand."

Prof. Korman's personal contribution to the anthology are brief comments introducing what others have written, a three-page preface, a 26-page introduction, a three-page epilogue and a three-page potpourri on just about everything.

Jewish traders write

LETTERS OF MEDIEVAL JEWISH TRADERS by S.D. Goitein. Princeton University Press, 860 pp. \$12.50.

Nissim Rejwan

"YOU INQUIRED about silk. Here, black and sky blue are mostly in demand, and, indeed, all colours, crimson, however, does not sell in Jerusalem, but it might be sold in Ramle or in Ascalon. Colours are weak in Jerusalem, for it is a poor town. In any case, bring them or a part of them; for success is in the hand of God. If Persians happen to arrive, they may buy them. And peace upon you."

This is an extract from a letter, in Arabic, sent, in the middle of

the 11th century, by Jacob son of Samuel al-Andalusi, of Jerusalem, to Abu Jacob son of Nahum, of Cairo. It is taken from one of the 80 letters translated, with introductions and notes, by Professor Shlomo Dov Goitein, who for some years now has been engaged in a related though far more comprehensive undertaking — a monumental three-volume work entitled "A Mediterranean Society: The Jewish Communities of the Arab World as Portrayed in the Documents of the Cairo Geniza."

The volume under review, in fact, is an offshoot of that work, of which two volumes have already appeared and the third is in an advanced stage of preparation. The bulk of the letters assembled in the book were exchanged within

"Night"; from Alexander Donat's "Our Last Days in the Warsaw Ghetto"; from Simon Wiesenthal's "The Murderers Among Us"; from Raul Hilberg's "The Destruction of European Jews"; and from John Toland's "The Last 100 Days." There is also a good piece by Zvi Yavetz, Professor of History at Tel Aviv University, who writes of his life as a boy in Czernowitz before and after the German invasion. The piece is especially valuable for the account of the struggle with the bourgeois Jews who had the chance to escape to Russia before the Nazis came but whose dread of Communism made them elect to remain with the Germans, with all the known tragic consequences.

The book is an offering of the B'nai B'rith Commission on Adult Education's Jewish Heritage Classics Series. The B'nai B'rith might be more attentive to the qualifications of the men it commissions to contribute to this series.

ALTHOUGH of little comfort, poetic justice was in some measure served when Martin Bormann, assiduous hunter of helpless and terrified Jews, became one of the most hunted men of all times.

Albert Speer, Hitler's Minister of Armament and War Production, called Bormann "a born survivor." Bormann well earned this tribute, for he managed to emerge unscathed from his many scrapes with the law and from all his encounters with his real and fancied rivals. According to the author of "The Bormann Brotherhood," Stevenson, he supplied Rommel the poison that ended his life; he engineered the death of Reinhard Heydrich; he sent Rudolf Hess off on a peace mission to England so that he could supplant him as Secretary to Hitler; he got rid of Heinrich Himmler and Josef Goebbels; and he was on the verge of having Hermann Goering tried for treason when the war ended.

The assumption that Bormann is still alive is, in part, inspired by Bormann's life-style: a man who reached the pinnacle of power in the Nazi hierarchy but who always remained in the background. Consequently, no importance is attached to his disappearance from view; this, notwithstanding that there is an eyewitness who claims he saw Bormann's lifeless body on a bridge in Berlin on May 2, 1945, shortly after Bormann left Hitler's burning body in the

ruins of the Reich's Chancellery. Another factor that perpetuates the assumption that Bormann is still alive is the known existence of the Bormann Brotherhood, a well-financed organization which emerged from a plan for a Fourth Reich which Bormann developed after the German defeat at Stalingrad in February, 1943. The aim of this Brotherhood was to provide safe places for the Nazi outlaws. It is deemed inconceivable that this Brotherhood, which today is operating at full speed, supported by men in the highest places in business, political and church circles, should not preserve its creator.

In this book we get some clear definitions of the men who constituted the Nazi elite. If Stevenson is to be believed, these men were a pack of downright degenerates, compounded of nothing but moral rot. It is maddening to contemplate that these men were arrogated the say that the people of whom Prof. Korman's anthology speaks are inferior humans and do not have the right to live.

STEVENSON concludes his book with two confessions. One is that his exhaustive search into the major clues on Bormann's whereabouts did not yield the answer to the Bormann puzzle. The solution of this puzzle is really unimportant for Bormann effectively carried out the death sentence pronounced on him in absentia by the International Tribunal at Nuremberg when he vanished.

More important is the other confession: "I hope I will not be considered deceptive if I reveal so late a place in this narrative that I intended more than a comment on a historical mystery; I mean this as a cautionary note to us and to our inheritors. The despicable forces loosed by the Third Reich are not expunged. Although, like some virulent virus, they may have changed to other forms and be difficult to identify. They remain malignant and are potentially dangerous as before. If there is any value to the persistence of the Bormann puzzle, let it be to remind us of the darkest side of human nature that he and his brothers so monstrously exemplify."

This is a commendable motive for writing this book. The more books of this nature that are written and read the better the chances that in the years ahead there will be no need for anthologies on other Holocausts.

— and from these letters it is evident that partners of Jews were often Moslems or Christians, in partnerships which sometimes lasted through generations.

As a documentary history of Medieval trade, this volume transcends purely Jewish interest since, of the various communities active in trade in Medieval Islam, records only of the Jewish community survive. It is especially useful in that modern international business has its origins in the overseas trade of the Middle Ages.

Prof. Goitein's notes and introductions, accompanying each of the items printed, throw much needed light on the various aspects of the subject. However, we are kept speculating as to why, of all colours, crimson did not sell in the Jerusalem of those days. We know, though, that many Partnerships were very common, visited Jerusalem or even settled there.

Israel folklore

FOLKTALES OF ISRAEL. Edited by Dov Noy. Translated from the Hebrew by Gene Baharav. Foreword by Richard M. Dorson. University of Chicago Press, 221 pp. \$2.95.

Joan Hooper

THE VOLUME under review has a brief but informative foreword on the development of Jewish folklore scholarship, in addition to 71 tales, with six key indices furnishing information on the recorded tale; on the informant, the collector, language, land of origin, hero-type and tale-type (which are useful to the scholar and extremely interesting to the layman).

The Israel Folktale Archives, directed by Professor Dov Noy, has so far collected more than 8,000 Jewish folktales from oral traditions from East Europe, North Africa, and West Asia.

Dorson notes in his foreword that "The Jewish-Biblical lore that unites and has brought together the heterogeneous Israelis harks back to the oldest records of Western civilization." Oral tales were current in Eretz Yisrael during the first centuries of the Common Era and became part of the oral repertoire of preachers and raconteurs.

"Folklore of Israel refers to oral legend, parable, and metaphor in the form of songs, customs and beliefs brought to Israel by immigrants. The tales told in Jewish tradition belong to the same stock as those told in traditions around the world. The scholarship of folklore comes in the organization, the study, the drawing of dated boundaries and the analysis

tion of these tales... The Old Testament itself freezes into scripture one set of creation and origin myths and the epic deeds of primeval culture heroes."

In 1964, Prof. Noy initiated various folklore-gathering activities, teaching folklore at the Hebrew University and organizing the Israel Folktale Archives and Ethnological Museum in Haifa. He set about persuading Israeli intellectuals that the folk literature of the original communities from which Jews were coming to Israel should be recognized as a genuine contribution to the new heritage of Israel.

In "The Jewish Versions of the 'Animal Languages' Folktale — a Typological-Structural Study" (a scholarly paper), Prof. Noy quotes an old, experienced Yemenite narrator: "After the first three minutes passed and my listeners have not moved from their places, their eyes fixed at my mouth, I know that they are in my hands."

He explains how the Jewish narrator uses allusions to well-known Biblical passages to stir the intellectual pride of the listeners and to awaken their curiosity as to how he will avoid a didactic sermon and disconnect his Scriptural verse from the weekly Tora portion.

PROF. NOY explains the processes of collection: "The narrators were often approached by amateur (and enthusiastic) collectors, and asked to relate a story as they remembered it. The collectors were often the children of the informants or their relatives, secretaries in the factories where they worked, officials of the local workers' council, etc... The raconteurs just



wanted to please their distinguished guests and could not refuse."

This is the story of one collector and narrator: The collector, Rachel Hakhimzade, a 16-year-old girl, had been living in Israel for five years at the time she recorded this story. She was then a pupil of the regional school Ma'ab in the Negev. In 1961 the mimeographed weekly of the school inaugurated a column "From the Mouth of the People," and the school principal, the teachers and the young editors of the weekly encouraged the pupils to collect folktales for this column from their parents, their grandparents and their neighbours. Rachel was one of the pupils who

responded to this call and chose her father as informant. She had been born in Karmanshah, Persia, and attended a Persian school there until she left with her family for Israel, and so she understood Persian. Although she enjoyed her father's stories narrated in this language, she wrote them down in Hebrew, since they were to be published in her Hebrew school weekly.

The narrator Zion is represented in the Israel Folktale Archives by 10 folktales, all of them heard in his childhood from his parents who stem from Persian Kurdistan, and collected by his two daughters, Rachel and Orah, for preservation in the

Archives. Born in Karmanshah in 1910, he has been living and working in Kelahim since 1960, and he continues to tell his stories there to this very day.

Here is one of the shortest tales in the book, worth giving as an example, complete with its analysis:

"IPA 128. Recorded by Heda Jason, a Hebrew University student, from D. Franko, a merchant, born in Turkey. In the journal of the Israel Folktale Society, *Yeda-Am*, No. 9 (February, 1962), p. 14, Rabbi Y.L. Avida (Formerly Zlotnik) and Dr. Yom-Tov Lewinski offer several patterns and explanations of the Hebrew magic formula 'GZY' as being an abbreviation of the Hebrew 'Gamzu ya'avur' (This too shall pass). They quote several printed versions of the story. During World War II a company in the United States sold 'GZY' good luck rings. For Our Boys in the Service with the three Hebrew letters engraved on the ring. Motifs H86.3, 'Ring with names inscribed on it,' D1317.5, 'Magic ring gives warning,' and D15100.1.8, 'Magic amulet cures disease,' are present.

"King Solomon once searched for a cure against depression. He assembled his wise men together. They meditated for a long time and then gave him the following advice. Make yourself a ring and have thereon engraved the words 'This too shall pass.'"

"The King carried out the advice. He had the ring made and wore it constantly. Every time he felt sad and depressed, he looked at the ring, whereon his mood would change and he would feel cheerful."

The book is a fine collection. It is a pity that it is the only one available in English translation in Israel, whereas there are many others published in the U.S. I found the tales and the study of them fascinating.

Aid for the P.o.W.

BEHIND BARBED WIRE by A. J. Barker. Baistford, London, 227 pp. £3.50.

Hilda Basch

THIS IS A STUDY of prisoners of war and of the various international agreements — culminating in the post-World War II Geneva Convention of 1949 — designed to alleviate their plight. While the trend in the history of P.O.W. treatment is away from massacre or slave labour towards more humane treatment, Colonel Barker believes that much yet remains to be done.

He explores the complexities underlying international agreements of any sort — complexities which arise in part from ambiguities in terminology, which provide the captor nation, under certain circumstances, with a ready means of interpreting an agreement to its advantage. For example, the quantity of food necessary to prevent a decline in a prisoner's health may mean one thing to one nation and something quite different to another.

As to the type of work P.O.W.s can be forced to do, Barker quotes Article 31 of the 1929 Geneva Convention in Appendix A of the text: "Labour furnished by prisoners of war shall have no direct relation

with war operations... "and adds, "But what constituted a direct relation with war operations was a matter of personal opinion or guess."

If an agreement is to work in practice and not be a mere theoretical abstraction, it must be based on the mutual recognition by the belligerents of each other's legitimate existence. But in the Middle East conflict, for example, "the Arab states have never recognized Israel as a sovereign state since its creation by the United Nations in 1947." Colonel Barker believes that the 1949 Geneva Convention is a significant improvement over that of 1929. It embodies the 1928 articles, but spells them out in a far more explicit, less ambiguous manner. Even so, a breach of faith is always a possibility: There is no guarantee that a party to the convention will stick to the rules. Some guarantee in the form of a "protecting power," or "detaining power" as it is otherwise known, can be applied. This power must be a neutral state, and, Barker asks, by what criteria does one determine neutrality?

The Yom Kippur War is not mentioned as the book was written prior to its eruption. However, the P.O.W. issue in this context corroborates Barker's allegations: Article 118 of the



Geneva Convention calls for prisoners' "release and repatriation without delay after the cessation of active hostilities." The exchange principle was perverted into a bargaining tool by the Egyptians and to a far greater extent by the Syrians, who initially refused to participate in exchange negotiations with Israel until Israel would agree to a complete withdrawal to pre-1967 borders. It took over three weeks after the October 23 cease-fire for the first phase of the P.O.W. exchange between Israel and Egypt to be implemented (November 18); it took nearly eight months for an exchange between Israel and Syria (June 2) to begin, and this only after continuous world pressure and repeated coercion.

These difficulties underlying the formulation of agreements are an important factor in influencing the prisoner's psychological state during the period of captivity. He can never know his immediate, let alone his long-range, fate, which is always subject to his captors' random whims.

The way an individual P.O.W. adjusts depends to a large degree on his emotional and physical condition prior to captivity. Without generalizing, Colonel Barker gives us a broad picture of the prisoner, from his initial capture and the period "behind barbed wire" (types of work, discipline, interrogation, punishment...) to his release. Interviews with, and excerpts of letters by, P.O.W.s captured in different countries account for the book's broad approach and objectivity.

(Popular myth of the last quarter of the 20th century: If the United States does not put pressure on Israel to accede to Arab demands, the Arabs will join the Soviet bloc.)

Place: the capital of Uzbekistan. Time: the first meeting of OPEC (Organization of Arab Petroleum Exporting Countries) under the auspices of COMIC-OIL, recently formed subsidiary of COMECON. Participants: Comrade Muhammad Akhmadov, representing the Politburo.

HM King Seifal of Dowsl Arabia. HRH Emir Habash Ibn Salim Habaah of Weighitquee.

HRH Sheikh Omar bin Said bin Omar bin Said of Duseby. Comrade Akhmadov: On behalf of the Supreme Soviet I welcome all of you, comrades, and I wish our common enterprise the greatest success.

Emir Habash: I believe that His Majesty King Seifal would like... Comrade Akhmadov: I am sorry, comrade, but we cannot go on using feudalistic titles in our progressive society. If King Seifal insists on the title of His Majesty, we would have to call Comrade Brezhnev His Imperial Majesty, and there would be no end to it. In our progressive society everyone is equal, so we shall just address each other as comrades, if you do not mind.

Sheikh Omar: You mean we can't be called King or Emir or even Sheikh in the future?

Comrade Akhmadov: No, comrade, by a special dispensation of the Supreme Soviet you may hold on to those titles; we shall pretend that they are part of your name. Your names are so long anyway that no one will know the difference, as long, of course, as you use the titles only in Arabic.

I trust that all of you have by now been duly democratically and unanimously elected as First Secretaries of the Supreme Soviets of your respective countries?

COMIC-OIL

Zechariah Ben-Levi

Sheikh Omar: I am glad to report that there was absolutely no difficulty; I had a little trouble with one of my half-brothers, but he was shot as a revisionist reactionary.

Emir Habash: I've had a little trouble with a student, probably one of those Palestinians, who dared to say that I was not a real Marxist-Leninist. The people tore him to pieces.

King Seifal: To tell you the truth, my people in their wisdom have not been accustomed to elections, but under the guidance of the ulamah...

Comrade Akhmadov: Who are they, Comrade King Seifal? King Seifal: How shall I put it — they are something like your Politburo, you know, they publish and distribute the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and other progressive literature. They told the people to vote for me, and thanks be to Allah they complied. I am confident that now finally we shall be able to go to Jerusalem to pray...

Comrade Akhmadov: Did I hear you say "to pray"? Don't you know that religion is the opium of the people?

King S.: I did not mean "pray," God forbid. What I meant to say was that we shall be able to praise Comrade Brezhnev or whoever takes his place for his wisdom and support of the Arab cause. In fact, I would suggest that the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem should in future be called, the "Red Mosque." Or do you already have one in the Kremlin?

Com. A.: No, Comrade King Seifal,

we don't, as a matter of fact. I think that's a brilliant idea. But what shall we do with that golden dome?

King S.: Well, we might paint it red...

Sheikh O.: But now it is covered with real gold leaf — I myself contributed to the cost of the work.

Com. A.: That is no problem, you could donate the gold to the Kremlin.

Now, Comrades, let us discuss something else. You realize, of course, that as members of COMIC-OIL you will have to nationalize all means of production in your countries. Marx-

ist-Leninist doctrine demands that all means of production belong to the people.

Emir H.: In my country that is no problem; I own the whole place anyway. L'Emirate c'est moi.

Sheikh O.: (whispering to his neighbour King S.) What was that?

Sheikh O.: Well, I have given some oil wells away to my half-brothers. I suppose I shall get them back now. It won't be easy...

King S.: I am afraid that my situation is more difficult: I have given away quite a bit to my half-brothers and to other members of the royal family. There are 3,000 of them. You know that my late father, may God have mercy on his soul, was a very active man; by the time he reached the age of 35 he had married 100 wives and that means a lot of sons. All of expect oil royalties.

Com. A.: I can see that you have quite a problem.

King S.: It's even more complicated because some of them have gone and bought all sorts of properties in the West. I know that

one of them now owns a casino in Las Vegas.

Com. A.: Foreign holdings are not your problem — under COMECON rules they are centrally administered by the Supreme Soviet.

King S.: But what would the Supreme Soviet do with a casino in Las Vegas?

Com. A.: If Mao can own nightclubs in Hong Kong why shouldn't Moscow own casinos in Las Vegas?

Emir H.: As a matter of fact I also have quite a number of foreign holdings. All those shares in Mercedes-Benz, for instance.

Com. A.: Oh, that is all right. They have undertaken to establish a plant in the Soviet Union. We shall now be able to pay them out of their own dividends.

Another small matter I would like to raise at this time. We have a COMECON solidarity fund to pay for arms sent by us to Egypt and Syria; I'm quite sure that you, comrades, will be happy to make a generous contribution to it.

Emir H.: But I have already contributed; they swore you made them pay cash, and gave them several billion dollars.

King S. and Sheikh O. (together): So did I, so did I!

Com. A.: I'm afraid you have been misinformed. We have only been reimbursed for armaments and equipment not captured or destroyed by Israel; you will realize that represents only a fraction of the total. So may we have your contributions, please? In hard currency. (He passes a huge collection box around the table.)

The last item on our agenda is that of oil. We shall expect you to raise the price of oil which you sell to Western capitalist exploiters by 10 per cent every year. This will prove conclusively that the capitalist system is bankrupt.

King S.: That should not be too difficult.

Sheikh O.: Serve them right, the capitalist pigs.

Com. A.: Some of your oil will be needed by your fellow members of COMECON. Not much, really. Not more than 10 per cent of your production.

King S.: (Remains silent, remembering that God has given man two ears, with which to listen and only one tongue with which to speak.)

Sheikh O. & Emir H.: ditto.

Com. A.: (continues) It is the tradition of COMECON that we provide each other with our mutual requirements at cost price, and we shall expect you to charge no more than 20 cents per barrel. You may deduct the sum from your annual dues to COMECON.

The Three Wise Men from the Orient (together): DUES?? Com. A.: Of course. In the best tradition of Marxism-Leninism, we take from each member according to the needs of the Soviet Union, and repay him in accordance with the economic capacity of the Soviet Union.

I must warn you that our needs for imported oil will go up gradually. By the end of the century we estimate that we shall require practically the whole of your production.

Sheikh O.: You mean, that by that time we shall have anything left to sell to the West?

Com. A.: That will be the final triumph of Marxism. It will serve them right, those imperialist capitalist plutocrat exploiters. (Nervous cackles around the table. The participants stand up.)

King S.: But what about our royalties then? (His remark goes unheeded, because by that time the meeting had broken up in hysterical laughter.)

(Any similarity between above mentioned personalities and real persons is purely coincidental. The same goes for events.)

From Neustein to Milshtein

Gil Goldfine

JOSHUA NEUSTEIN'S exhibit at the Yodfat Gallery (190 Dizengoff, Tel Aviv) is actually a two part affair; one half devoted to his adventurous drawings on paper and the second to a conceptual piece titled "Dogma."

Neustein is concerned with what art can be "about" and not what art "is." His documentary presentations endorse attitudes, concepts and ideas. Staying away from expressing life in the traditional manner of interpreting the formal elements of art, Neustein's forms themselves spill over into life, closing the gap, so to speak, between life and art, artist and public.

By placing the squashed carcasses of dogs (presumably, considering their flattened vivisection condition) alongside and under flat bands of black tarpaulin runners (symbolic highway) Neustein attempts to condition our sensitivity. This tableau visually communicates a slice of life that under normal conditions we are attuned to ignore. But here Neustein does not successfully bridge the distances between social documentation, aesthetics and his intended ethical message. Because of weak images there is a lack of a forceful singular confrontation (on an environmental or artistic level), leaving the viewer passively hanging in limbo.

By contrast, Neustein's splendid drawings, whose only "traditional" qualities are the physical materials, attain an environmental status without compromising aesthetic values. Unframed and often muralistic, a non-objective pictorial pattern consists of greyed or stippled black fields combined with conflicting torn versus sharp paper edges; creating surprise with linear crevices, somewhat like the classical canvases of Barnett Newman (see photo).

A simple unification of unrealistic shadowy facades coupled with rough and smooth rhythmic lines make for extremely sensitive and sensible works of art.

Another aspect that carries Neustein's work outside the "established" boundaries of drawing is the dimensionality of the surface in an organic, non-collage manner. By folding, rolling and curling the paper away from the wall he presents a total plasticity, emphasizing the physical properties of his materials and, in essence, replaces the illusionism of rendered space.

Curiously, however, the dimensional quality remains an integral part of the drawing scheme and does not assume sculptural proportions. One gets the feeling that he is a participant in a real visual dialogue in which reactions occur because of a planned artistic environment.



Joshua Neustein with his "Paper on Paper" (Yodfat).

QUITE different (in concept and form) from Neustein's calculated handling of a motif and experiential approach are ZVI MILSTEIN'S expressionistic prints at the Tel Aviv Museum. His figurative subject matter and parochial compositional support are rather standard fare, but are none the less well drawn and show a complete control of etching and lithographic techniques.

Sharing a closeness to the establishment of northern expressionism (Munch, Beckmann and Schiele) his most singular influence seems to be George Grosz, not only in the arrangement of objects and people; the nervous quality of line and detailed exaggeration greatly parallel the German master.

Milstein's character sketches are of a public nature, depicting the individual as an anxious being, part of a sub-culture grouping, shuffling into suspended animation to wait, watch and expect. The artist ably draws our attention to the introspective and the fixated in countless episodes of sexual fantasy. The eroticism, however, is more symbolic and symptomatic than lustful or vicious. Of special mention is Milstein's tremendous range in lithos (1.60 x 1.20) to miniature albums of carefully etched erotic postage stamps, coins and playing cards.

Milstein came to Israel from Kishinev in 1948 and went to study in Paris in 1956 where he has been living ever since.

New shows In Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

TWO talented Israeli illustrators, with a flair for the grotesque flavoured with a little kinkiness, are holding concurrent little exhibitions in the foyer and mezzanine of the Jerusalem Art-tel House.

AVNER KATZ, a graduate of Bezalel who later studied at London's Central School of Art before returning to teach at his alma mater, shows (in the mezzanine) line drawings on mixed-media backgrounds, as well as a few cleverly smudgy gouaches, all of them of middle-aged men, women and dogs in suggestive situations, some of them frankly erotic, others vaguely menacing. In one work, a pair of no-longer young naked females gaze happily at each other over the back of a couch, while a plumber's suction cup lies prominently beside them, inert but present, leaving us to guess darkly as to its last method of employment. Katz also goes in for military amputees in memorial Austro-Hungarian uniforms and truncates other figures which happily survive or pursue their better halves. For style, two large size depicting the Sacrifice of Isaac are especially exciting, as are two dramatic still lifes rendered in dark earthy hues. This is the inaugural show for this new, well designed gallery. (Givon Fine Art, 25 Gordon). Till Jan. 21.

YORAI COHAIN shows beautifully composed and printed photographs in signed limited editions. Israel's shoreline is the subject and Cohain translates nature into art in the tradition of the great American photographers Edward Weston and Ansel Adams. Clear images, succinct textures and thoughtful lighting. Cohain is a recent immigrant from the U.S. where he graduated from the Rochester Institute of Technology. He lives in Tivon and teaches Fine Art Photography in Haifa. (Gordon Gallery, 29-Gordon). Till Jan. 21.

POLISHED SHOW In Haifa

Ephraim Harris

ROM-YORI has quite a polished show of hard edge, smooth oils and outline drawings by a young local artist (not his first exhibition). Some subjects, particularly the drawings of women, appear derivative. The most striking oils, a fantastic realism, stand out for their spatialism and a compelling axis, broken in the all greens "Request for Immortality" and unwaveringly direct in the drawing "Angel of Death." The hollowed-out "Woman" (17) creating two planes, enhances its intended sculpturalism; it is also an example of Rom-Yori's abjuring naturalism. On the other hand, the effect of "Life," two clocks in off-white and very light blue, lies in its static rigidity — and, lastly, a word for the idyllic landscape, "Adam and Eve," where a cleft between two green hills, filled by a blue tree, counts, and the figures simply occupy emptiness. (Ritz Gallery). Till January 21.

SHMUEL BAR EVEN is a Jerusalem sculptor with a talented penchant for carving female breasts and vulva in stone; he also has a number of public projects to his credit. His current show (at the Nora Gallery, 8 Maimon) features abstract wood carvings that are more decorative than revelations of form, as well as a large number of pen drawings in coloured inks of forms with egg-shaped apertures. The compositions make agreeable patterns but do not generate any tension and the use of colour is fairly arbitrary. Till Jan. 28.



Detail of a drawing by Avner Katz



Drawing by Kurt Goebel at The Little Gallery.

KURT GOEBEL is a septuagenarian Viennese painter and sculptor, who late in life, developed a special interest in Israel after befriending a former Auschwitz inmate; during the Six Day War he organized an "Action for Israel" show and the proceeds of his current exhibition of drawings at The Little Gallery in Jerusalem's Rehov Salomon are all to be made over to the families of fallen of the Yom Kippur War. His compositions, made with a litho crayon, are, despite their strong abstract qualities, expressionist figure drawings which suggest suffering and vulnerability. Many of them feature male genitalia but are not really erotic; they derive more from the morbid frankness of Egon Schiele than some of the recent sado-masochistic revelations of the Viennese actionists. Goebel never quite leaves the aim of creating powerful oppositions of black and white areas, often with quite economic means.

THE Schatz Gallery (in Rehov Schatz) has an unusual little show: some two-score artists show portraits of their colleague David Rakia. It is quite remarkable how few of them have caught anything at all of his likeness or character, although he has one of the most "drawable" heads imaginable; only cartoonist Friedel Stern has captured something of it in a caricature. None of the works are particularly good either, except Ivan Schwebel's whose sketch painting mocks the subject by drawing him as his physical opposite, a black-belt muscle-man. Last day on Sunday.

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Dry Bones

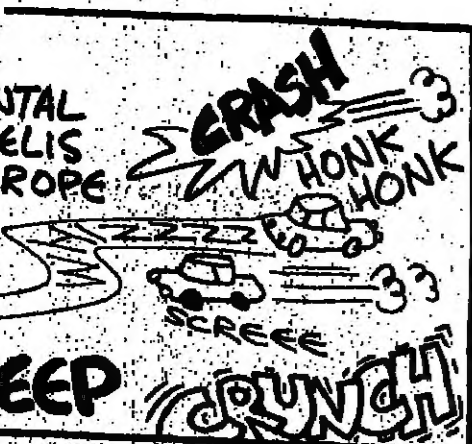
THE U.N.

SUPPLY ISRAELI SWITCHBOARD OPERATORS TO MAN ALL U.N. PHONES ...GRATIS!



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NEXT TIME HE SHOWS UP WE BILL HIM FOR BACK TRAVEL TAX, AND INDUCT HIM INTO "HAGA", AND STATION HIM IN FRONT OF HAMASHBIR CHECKING HANDBAGS



AFRICA

FINANCE AN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT TO TOPPLE GOVERNMENTS AND INSTALL GENERAL AMIN AS 1ST EMPEROR OF ALL AFRICA

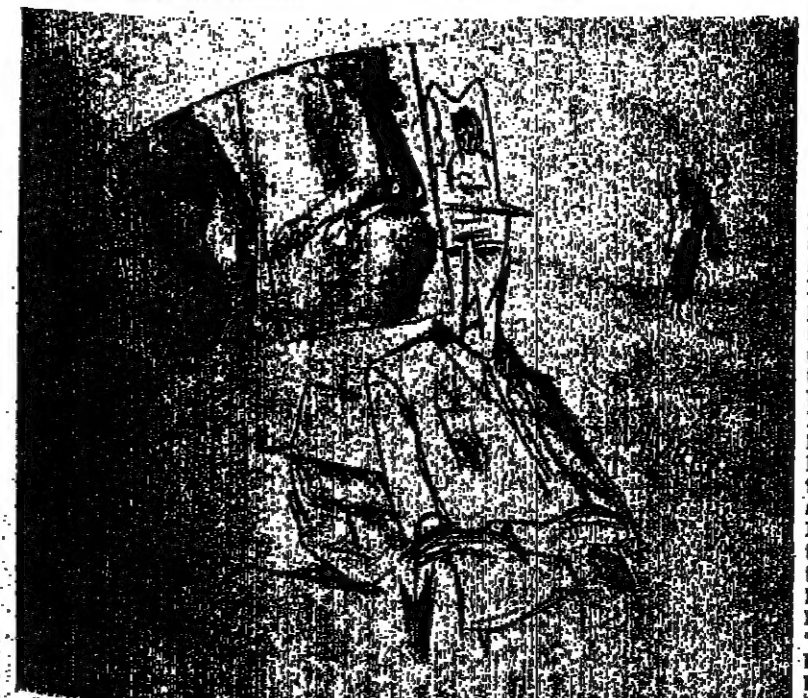


MY "SHALIAH" WHO IS STILL IN NEW YORK



MAKE HIM COME HOME

©1975 Knaich



Drawing by Zvi Milstein (Tel Aviv Museum).

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1975

Mainly Arabic

THE MYSTERIOUS East of a Thousand and One Nights has come to Tel Aviv in the form of two shows, one in Arabic for adults, the other in Hebrew for children. I would be guilty of gross exaggeration were I to state that I found much merit in either.

"The Arta Bridge," presented by the Hagefen Arab Theatre of Haifa, is an adaptation of a Greek play which is, in turn, based on an ancient legend. A bridge is being built, but whatever the workers manage to construct during the day collapses at night, and no rational explanation can be found. Obviously, supernatural powers are at work, and we soon meet them in the person of Satan, who indulges in all sorts of mischief.

The people waiting for the bridge to be completed demand that something drastic be done. Someone must be sacrificed, and the choice falls on the beautiful young wife of the master builder. After a long struggle, the man gives his consent; the woman is immolated, and her body buried under the boulders. This turns the trick; from then on, the building proceeds without another mishap. Everybody is happy except the master builder, who keeps coming back to the bridge like a criminal returning to the scene of his crime. The years pass and one day, as he comes on a visit, the ghost of his beloved wife appears, young and beautiful and smiling. She stops and speaks words of forgiveness to the old man. It is not she who is the victim but he. On hearing this, the master builder happily collapses and dies.

The play was directed, in one of those "only in Israel" switches, by Yuri Celluk, a recent immigrant from the U.S.S.R., who is

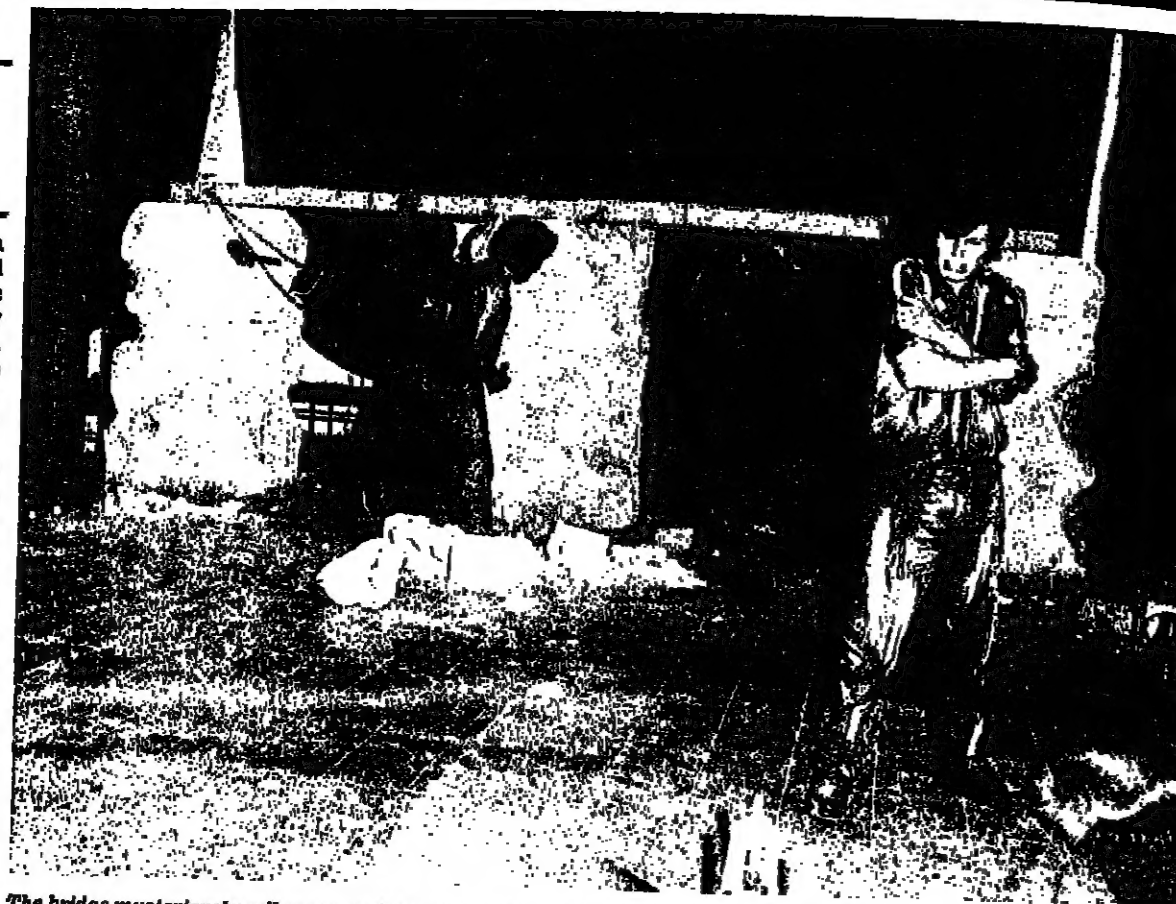
less than fluent in Arabic and a stranger to Arab lore. I am afraid that he is also a stranger to stage lore, for the staging is generally inept in addition to its conceals. Actors sit or walk around with nothing to do; there are long, static stretches; the cast obviously lacks direction.

Which is a pity, because some of the actors show talent. Given a good part under a skilful director, Makhram Khoury who plays the master builder, could probably turn in a fine performance; so could Jackie Ayoub, who plays his wife. Bassam Zuamut, cast in the role of the blind singer, has a fine masculine presence and voice which could be put to better use — as could the talents of Lutfi Nuwisor, who plays Satan with the grace of a ballet dancer.

"THE SULTAN'S SON" is an entirely different kettle of kebabs. The Hebrew language play for children is based on an archetypal Oriental folktale about a poor orphan who becomes heir to the Sultan, the latter a kind ruler, whose sole concern is the good of his subjects. The tale was written down by Issa Shibly of the Galilean village of the same name, from the mouths of village elders. It was adapted for the stage by Yifrah Haviv.

The handsome young hero, is wandering from town to town in search of his fortune. He eventually finds it in the form of a handful of gold coins dropped in the street, and begins to spend it lavishly, thus giving rise to the rumour that he is the Sultan's son travelling incognito.

In a scene reminiscent of Gogol's "The Government Inspector" the corrupt town officials come to him to seek favours. The



The bridge mysteriously collapses at night: "The Arta Bridge" presented by Haifa's Hagefen Arab Theatre.

bubble bursts when the Sultan himself happens to arrive, but all ends well. Not only is the young man adopted by the ruler, none of whose wives has presented him with a male heir, but he marries the daughter of the mayor.

The charming little story could have resulted in an equally charming little show had the Theatre for Children and Youth staged it with its customary care for quality. This, alas, did not happen. The actors are on the level of amateurs, sets and costumes are rather sleazy, and the directing is one of the sloppiest jobs I have seen in a long time, surprising from an old hand such as Shmuel Bunim.

Back to the miseries of Western culture, do I detect a new

trend in our theatre? In Habimah's "Wedding," there is a scene in which an old man dancing at his granddaughter's wedding befools himself on the stage, causing a great deal of fuss; at the Cameri, "Haim, Haim" begins with a husband imploring his wife to come out of the toilet and let him in lest he soil his pyjamas — which he eventually does; and now, in the Sadan Theatre's "Prisoner 00," Ze'ev Revah, the chief and only actor in the play, spends a weekend imprisoned in the men's room of an office building.

The set in the latter, the work of Moshe Sternfeld, is a masterpiece of realism, as exact a replica of an office building toilet as if the designer had duplicated the

famous feat of David Belasco, the New York theatrical producer who, in his passion for verisimilitude, once bought a restaurant of the Childs chain, and had it bodily transferred to the stage of his theatre.

The play, written by Sergio Gocomo and adapted by Danny Ravah, has a few passable jokes, and Ze'ev Revah is a resourceful performer who knows how to entertain his public; but "Prisoner 00" is nevertheless apt to bring out the claustrophobia in you. The thought of remaining in such close quarters until Sunday morning was frightening, and so I left after the first act, which ended on Friday evening, with the hero curling up for a night's sleep on the platform of the urinal.

at all. Richard Strauss gets attention with his "Salome," which at that time was the sensation of European stages. In February, 1908, Puccini writes to Ricordi:

"Last night I was able to go to the premiere of 'Salome,' conducted by Strauss, and sung (?) by Bellini, whose dancing is marvellous. It was a success... But there must be many who doubt the verdict. The playing of the orchestra was like a badly mixed Russian salad. But, the composer was there, and everybody says that it was perfect... At the rehearsals, when Strauss was trying to work up his orchestra to a rough and tempestuous kind of execution, he said, 'Gentlemen, this is not a question of music, but of a menagerie. Make a noise! Blow into your instruments! What do you think of that?'

A year later, Puccini even thinks of setting another Oscar Wilde play — "A Florentine Tragedy" — to music: "It would be a rival to 'Salome,' only more human, more real, and less alien from the feelings of everybody."

He toyed for a time with the idea of setting Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande," to music, only to hear from the poet that he had already given it to Debussy. But his disappointment does not warp his musical integrity, and he says:

"Debussy's 'Pelleas et Melisande' has extraordinary harmonic qualities and the most Rhapsodic" (1909) rounds off an

excellent performance of a fine clarinetist, who is proficiently accompanied by Felix Prohaska and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (Vanguard-VSD 71187 — stereo).

For Wagnerites and those who wonder what it is all about, I recommend CBS's two "Greatest Hits" (Harmony 30008 and 30035). They contain nearly everything worth knowing and the excerpts given are complete pieces of music, so no opposition to these selections can be voiced here. Besides, they give one the opportunity to compare the great masters of the baton in their attitude and style: Bruno Walter, George Szell, Eugene Ormandy and Leonard Bernstein are represented with the Cleveland and the Columbia Symphony Orchestras, and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir joins in some of the Choruses. Recording quality is very good.

NEW RECORD RELEASES. Releases of good quality, at budget price, have been issued by CBS.

"The Virtuoso Clarinet" presents Jack Brymer, the English player, in four works of widely different character. A Concerto by Moravian composer Frantisek Vincenc Kramar (1759-1821) is full of fine music; the composer's bad luck was that he lived in the time of Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. Influenced strongly by the late Mozart (it was written about 1802-03), the concerto has great merits and makes most pleasant listening. The Concertino by Carl Maria von Weber gives Brymer the opportunity to show his easy-flowing playing, while the Adagio by Richard Wagner makes a collector's item. Written at the age of 20, it already casts shadows of things to come. Debussy's "Premiere" (1909) rounds off an

excellent performance of a fine clarinetist, who is proficiently accompanied by Felix Prohaska and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra (Vanguard-VSD 71187 — stereo).

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If you don't have Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in your record library yet (or your disc is worn out through heavy use), you can avail yourself of another CBS budget-price release. Carl Schmitt, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and the Elisabeth Brasseur Choir, give an adequate and satisfying performance, with soloists Wilma Lipp, Marga Hoeffgen, Murray Dickie and Gottlob Frick adding their good voices in the finale. Recording is faultless. (EM-CFF142 — Stereo).

Shapes of Israel

OUR TELEVISION seems to have become interested all of a sudden in the changing shapes of the Israeli skyline — two major programmes of the week were devoted to local architecture.

The first, "Look Up", on Sunday night, gave us a historical review of the changing fashions which have shaped our public and private buildings. It got off to a curious start, with Rudolph Valentino as an irresistible sheikh seizing reluctant Western women. The link between this provocative snippet of film and architecture seemed to me very tenuous, and I suspect that producer Shmuel Imberman fell so in love with his misconception that Valentino in the 'twenties symbolized the romantic East at the beginning of the century that he ignored history and logic. Showing the Great Lover in action had the further disadvantage of making some of us think that it might have been better to skip the lesson in building styles completely, and to give us the whole film. Maybe some time, please?

I found the film very interesting, brightly photographed, with plenty of movement, and with particularly good accompanying music. I think that this is the first film I have ever seen on television where it was possible to keep the volume the same for music and voices — most films have me popping up like a jack-in-the-box when the sinister whispers of villains are suddenly replaced by a blare of bugles calculated to have the deceased leaping out of their graves, under the misapprehension that the Day of Judgment is being announced.

Returning to architecture, the film had what seemed to me a major disadvantage, a lack of value judgments and explanations of why we had to go modern. On the face of it, those Oriental-style buildings like the Herzliya Gym-

nasium, the Haifa Technion and Bialik's house were in my view so infinitely superior to present-day creations that I felt like calling for a demolition squad to rid us of everything built since the influence of the German "Bauhaus group" laid down new laws. There are excellent reasons, of course, why we have to build structures which are more functional; but we were not told. As a review of architectural development, the film was satisfactory, but it needed more explanations.

HOUSING MINISTER Avraham Ofer got off to a very poor start on "Moked," as far as I was concerned, because he had not done his homework. The first example he quoted of the need for better planning and the elimination of agricultural land was Ashkelon, which, he said, consisted by some accident of non-planning of four units divided by an agricultural area. Instead of being a single dense building development.

This was nonsense: Ashkelon was very carefully planned to have five separate neighbourhood units separated by green belts, with the city centre between Afridar and the Shimon Quarter. Personally, I think that the original plan was correct, and that Ofer's idea of turning Ashkelon into another concrete jungle indistinguishable from all the other concrete jungles we have erected between Nahariya and Eilat is most repulsive.

He also seemed to be very evasive about the serious allegations made by Aluf (ret.) Meir Zorea, Director of the Lands Authority, and Emanuel Klein, a member of the agricultural committee, who claimed that building contractors had been allowed by the Housing Ministry to get IL200,000 a dunam for land bought by them for IL1,000 a dunam. But I must say I



Kojak, the prince of detectives, will go get 'em every Tuesday evening at 9.00

would like to see Zorea himself on the hot seat, explaining why his Authority keeps land in such short supply, and is itself a major cause of the incredibly high cost of housing.

The panel concentrated its fire mostly on Mr. Ofer's plan to turn the seaboard into a teeming megalopolis, contrary to all previous Israeli thinking. But one thing I must say for Mr. Ofer — he does at least plan to eradicate slums and to house young couples. Where the ex-slum dwellers and the couples are to get the money

he demands is another question.

"Kolbotek" brought an expert to advise potential apartment buyers, who have won on Sportoto or have black market money or have somehow raised the necessary, what they should do before parting with their fortunes to some villainous contractor. His seven-point programme involves checking the contractor's status with the Builders' Association; checking that the land is freehold; only paying for work that has been completed; checking the conditions of the joint holding with

others in the building; inserting a clause for repairs; specifying penalties for date of completion; and getting a lawyer. I would add another — get another lawyer to check the first.

The same programme urged us to ride bicycles; I remained unconvinced that two wheels are as good as four, or that human leg power is better than that of 13 mechanical horses. Then we went to some restaurant — I don't know whether it was push or not — where they charge a mere IL70, IL80, IL100 a meal. If only I had an adequate expense account, I would certainly sample the wares of the three proprietors, who, incidentally, would make a marvellous comedy team on Mack Sennett lines. An astrologer brought us some grim predictions, with things scheduled to look after a couple of wars — but I was consoled by his admission that the stars, like humans, can err. A good programme, Kolbotek, admirably handled by Daniel Peor.

"CLEANING THE HEAD" once again hit the jackpot. They got off to a flying start with Eban phoning his speech from New York to the Knesset — collect — and the Speaker checking that "Eban, Abba" was on his list. The humour was intensified by Eban making much the same speech, in the same style, over the Weekend Magazine. Other items — Israel turned into a nation of income tax informers, the revolutionary cell and next week's Italian film — were all good. Doing the programme only once a fortnight, instead of once a week, seems to give the team time to prepare brilliantly for our delight — its once-a-week predecessor soon lost its dash.

ISRAELI TELEVISION has at last discovered Kojak, that prince of detectives, although his first show on our screens was rather stolen from Telly Savalas by Lee Montgomery as the boy, Savalas as Kojak combines toughness and gallantry in an ideal Greek blend. I hope women in search of a sex object will not be deterred by his bald pate. Despite Samson, hair is not everything.

Puccini's letters

"I WENT to hear the *Sacre de Printemps*: the choreography is ridiculous, the music sheer cacophony. There is some originality, however, and a certain amount of talent. But taken altogether, it might be the creation of a madman. The public hissed, laughed, and... applauded."

This is not a critic's review, but Giacomo Puccini's commentary in one of his letters to his publishers, Ricordi of Milan. On the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the composer's death, a new edition of his letters, revised and introduced by Mosco Carner has been published in London by Harrap.

The letters are mainly connected with the composition and production of Puccini's operas and his many fruitless searches for librettists. There is not much to be learned of the composer as a human being since, at the beginning of his career he is most concerned with his poverty and how to overcome it and, once he has achieved success with his work, reading, rejecting, changing, adding, cutting textbooks, and making life unbearable for his librettists until he has got everything exactly as he wants it.

Puccini's continual weighing of words, lines, plots, his unerring dramatic instinct for the stage and situations fill most of the pages of this book, which is thus an interesting documentation of a composer's method of working. What is probably the key to the unceasing success of most of his operas ("La Boheme," "Tosca," "Madame Butterfly," "La Fanciulla del West," "Turandot," "Il Trittico," "Gianni Schicchi" — "Il Tabarro" — "Suor Angelica," is his uncompromising determination to write music only if the subject interests and moves him; if the plot and the parts are convincing, if the texts are good from the literary point of view, and if any redundant figure or scene is cut out.

DESPITE his one-track mind there are some fascinating comments on contemporary composers, performances of whose works he attends, it seems, in order to compare, to measure himself against them, perhaps to learn something from one or the other that may be of use to himself and his work. He makes relatively few enlightening critical remarks; Wagner does not appear

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Pop O'Sullivan

IT WAS EXCITING — which was it going to be? Promised for 12 noon on Saturday, on Channel B, according to the Broadcasting Authority's schedule was "A renewed meeting with the songs of Gilbert O'Sullivan," and so it was announced in this paper. The programme was to be presented by Tiki Dayan, with music arranged and conducted by Alex Weiss, and directed and produced by Ofra Samuel. Now, would you need all that just to renew our acquaintance with pop singer Gilbert O'Sullivan, who faded away only two or three years ago.

Maybe, just maybe — I thought — they mean Gilbert and Sullivan. For at moments like this you can never really trust the conjunctive *and*. On the other hand, to speak of "renewing" our acquaintance, here, with the two great creators of English comic opera is a little silly. The man in the local street is quite unfamiliar with Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan and Sir William Schwenk Gilbert, not to mention "The Pirates of

Pensance" and "Ruddigore" and "The Yeoman of the Guard" — or even "Pinafore" or "The Mikado."

I may be imagining it, but I think I once heard "Willow, Titi Willow" in Hebrew (though the *vav's* in that one would be something). The marvellous collaboration between G. and S. is largely unknown in Israel. Perhaps it is too English.

Well, we got neither. Instead, Channel B continued its programme of songs, called "Folk Songs" but actually a Mediterranean Song Festival business, which had started at eleven and carried on unabashed after the news. If you are all keyed up for "When I was a lad I served a term/ As office boy at the attorney's firm," and, as a dim second-best, the life and hard just one reason: may it be kept firmly in mind whenever we are told, on the serious and important programmes dealing with such advanced projects as planned nuclear power stations, that these

worthier cause — a Sibellus symphony with George Szell — and the explanation of the Broadcasting Authority's spokesman, which was "mishaps in the record library." But, he said, there should always be some word of explanation or apology.

There was none this time, and I went off in a huff to the First Channel, with its excellent documentary on "Return to the Soviet Union" — that fascinating and enigmatic episode of the 'twenties, when a group of Third Aliya pioneers at Tel Yosef and Elin Harod left the Gdud Ha'avoda to return to Communist Russia. "They were the most idealistic, the most innocent, the most pure and dedicated people that can be imagined," the programme declared. I kept switching back to Channel B, to see whether the atmosphere I had expected might yet show up (Victorian England's answer to pure idealism: "So stick close to your desks and never go to sea/ And you all may be the rulers of the Queen's Navy"). Nothing doing. Yaffa Yarkoni.

I mention all this at length for just one reason: may it be kept firmly in mind whenever we are told, on the serious and important programmes dealing with such advanced projects as planned nuclear power stations, that these

will be "absolutely safe, rigorously controlled by technological experts." It is not a different matter at all; it is exactly the same matter, and exactly the same problem of human fallibility. Boom! Well, back to the old drawing board. Or record library.

(After all this: the spokesman for the Broadcasting Authority tells me it was to have been the decision to continue the Song Festival — had been announced earlier here and there, but not to all the newspapers. He, by the way, knew all about and Sullivan, but had never heard of the pop singer.)

THE EDITING of recent instalments of the Army Channel's Friday evening Weekly Diary leaves me critical. The musical theme strikes me as unsuitable; the introductions and explanations sound flowery, roundabout, and wordy; tapes of foreign language interviews are run simultaneously with the Hebrew translation, which is an old and always annoying trick.

The final item, last Friday, was indeed a scoop — the first interview with Golda, on her arrival back home, preceding the seven p.m. news — and the item just before, Alex Tadmor's story on Mayor Lahat's first year in office,

In Tel Aviv was well done. We heard criticism from the Opposition ("The new administration's PR budget is ten times the old one") as well as comments from citizens, both pro and con ("The streets are much cleaner; there's been real improvement here") to "Why should a Tel Aviv street be an autostrada?"

The Mayor defended himself: "The previous administration developed the city — as with hotel building — by doing things which money can do. But it ignored the area of service to the public, which we've emphasized... And it's not true about our PR budget. We're not spending a penny more. Besides, the State Comptroller said it's important and necessary to explain to citizens what its municipality is for and is doing."

Mayor Lahat's voice has lost none of its boyish enthusiasm, which is something for a man plunked down into the labyrinthine ways of a city coalition.

He was not asked about the most glaring and daily visible collapse of city discipline, in a falling of which the former administration was not guilty: the parking of cars on city sidewalks. This is an unforgivable piece of selfishness in which car-owners ride rough-shod over the general public's interest.

"DON'T BUY SUGAR!" exhort signs on many supermarket doors in New York City. The posters are signed by a local Consumer Association. Sugar here costs about 11.12 a kilo — twice as much as in Israel — if you only buy that amount at a time. (In larger quantities, you can get it cheaper; a two-and-a-half-kilo sack in Chicago, for instance, works out at about 11.8 per kilo.) Of course, Americans earn twice or three times what Israelis do, but they are not used to paying so much for foodstuffs.

Not buy sugar? How can you do that? I saw one example at the home of our hosts in New York — a comfortably-off couple whose children are grown up and no longer at home. Our hosts in any case use artificial sweeteners in their beverages for diet reasons. When the sugar bowl for guests ran low, my hostess found a large box of powdered sugar on her shelf and suggested we use that. When she went on vacation and left us in her apartment, I went out and bought granulated sugar. Unlike in Israel, sugar prices are not government-fixed in the United States, but reach their levels by the play of supply and demand, and world raw material prices. I just read in a Chicago newspaper that the price of sugar to the consumer had dropped five cents a pound in the past month. I can't see that a drop that slight would make much difference to shoppers, but Americans are funny people. They will go from store to store to save a few pennies on an item. It is this type of consumer awareness which makes American industry and business responsive to consumer pressures.

Residents of the American southwest, near the Mexican border, are having an easier time with their sugar purchasing, by the way. Over the border, sugar is government subsidized and much cheaper than in the U.S. — even less than in Israel. Mexican border-towns are doing a boom business in groceries by requiring that customers buy a certain amount of other foodstuffs in order to get the amount of sugar the U.S. will allow Americans to transport back home. (As expected, local Mexicans are complaining that this influx of tourist trade is driving up the local food prices.)

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of consumer pressure can be seen here in the current boycott of fresh grapes and crunchy head lettuce (the kind that looks like a cabbage). The shoppers' boycott is in support of demands by the pickers' union of the flamboyant Cesar Chavez, a Spanish-speaking American. The boycott is maintained most strongly by the intellectuals and others "liberals." I must confess that I have broken down and had quite a bit of head lettuce myself, since I cannot get this delicacy back home in Tel Aviv. The grapes do not tempt me, and I am perfectly willing to support that boycott!

Despite all the complaining here of rising prices, Americans still continue to eat large quantities of meat — at least by Israeli standards. In the homes we have visited — admittedly upper-middle-class ones — we have been served beef and veal frequently. Beef is considerably cheaper than in Israel. Supermarket beef in New York City runs about 11.20 a kilo for rib roast, 11.11 a kilo for ground meat, and just over 11.30 a kilo for fillet mignon steak. Of course, kosher meat is at least 30 per cent more.

Even more significant is that

Shopping in America



Americans still consider a generous-sized all-beef hamburger a "light snack" to be eaten

out at lunchtime — at a museum cafeteria, for instance. At the snack bar in the Chicago Museum

of Science and Industry, a beef hamburger on a bun costs 75 cents (IL4.50).

THIS MUSEUM, one of America's finest, now boasts what it calls the "first consumer research centre in a public institution." Within the "Food for Life Exhibit," sponsored by the firm of Swift & Co., there is a glass-walled test kitchen in which consumers are invited to sample and comment on various foods "to determine your food preferences." The day I visited, the centre was running a survey on dry crackers — which I decided to pass up.

In the same museum, you can see baby chicks hatching in an incubator, you can visit a model coal mine, and you can see and hear yourself on closed circuit TV. One of the most timely exhibits is one which shows how solar energy (stimulated) can make a little train run faster or slower.

Despite all the talk of energy crisis, I find that American homes are almost as overheated in wintertime as they ever were. Despite the below-freezing temperatures, you have to wear light blouses or short sleeves indoors to avoid sweating. There are a few exceptions: my sister's large, 80-year-old house in Chicago, which is expensive enough to heat, let alone overheat, was the first American house in which I could keep a sweater on comfortably. And I did visit a plush new condominium apartment house (the equivalent of our cooperative houses) in which the lobby and elevator were not heated.

I CAN'T for the life of me understand why the New York buses and subways are heated so much, since obviously passengers are dressed for outdoors and can't take their coats and boots off in the vehicles. And the department stores are terribly hot if you're walking around in your coat, or carrying it over your arm. I meant to write to one of the New

York newspapers suggesting the city save fuel by cutting down the heat in public places, but the most visitors, I've been too busy touring to write letters.

By the way, especially in New York City, one sees a nice sprinkling of Israeli products on the market. One supermarket in our Manhattan neighbourhood was advertising its "annual Israeli food festival." More encouraging is to see Israeli products right among the local ones. The candy counter at the famous Radio City Music Hall (now featuring "The Little Prince" as the main film), has Elite wafers and dietetic chocolate bars right among the American ones. A package of Elite wafers there costs 60 cents (IL3.60).

IN GENERAL, I find it is the little things in America that seem expensive to a visitor from Israel; the big things seem cheap. A low-priced new American car costs about \$3,000 (IL18,000), which sounds ridiculously little to an Israeli. But a ride on a New York City bus costs IL2.10 and in Chicago, a bus-ride costs IL4.70. The new price of a five-stick packet of Wrigley's chewing gum is 15 cents (90 agorot). A loaf of Shabbat halla in a New York supermarket costs 85 cents (IL5.10). The cheapest pack of cigarettes in Indiana, where my parents live, is 33 cents (IL1.98), but 50 cents (IL3.00) if you buy it from a vending machine.

To the outside, the American economy still looks very affluent, although I was struck by the fact that retail stores did not seem particularly crowded even the week before Christmas, and I am told that sales are below normal levels for the season. I heard radio commentators interviewing people as how they planned to economize on Christmas. One store Santa Claus, who listens to children's holiday requests, said there was an increase this year in requests for a gift which seems inexpensive, but really isn't — "a baby brother."

Martha Meisel

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

A sublime soup



MOST OF US tend to laugh at such passing, gastronomic fads as macrobiotic or grapefruit diets, but it behooves us to remember that much of the Western world was victim to what we might call "the great protein heat" for over a generation. That had began after experts realized that malnutrition among the poor, who subsisted on "starchy fillers," could be cured by protein-rich foods such as milk, eggs, and meat. As a result of mass education, the poor did eat more balanced meals, but the middle and upper classes who

had been getting enough meat all along, ate even more. Only in recent years, research having indicated that the protein foods usually contain harmful cholesterol as well, has the ozone subsided.

In my own case, my mother was so brainwashed that starches were considered positively harmful. Potatoes were eaten only on special occasions. When they were served, a favourite dish was a thick, creamy, potato soup.

TO PREPARE such a soup, peel and slice about a kilo of potatoes, dropping them into a pot of heating water. While the potatoes are cooking, clean and slice four or five leeks, and throw them into the water, which should now be boiling. In the absence of leeks, onions may be used, although they do lack a certain delicate flavour.

When the potatoes are thoroughly cooked, prepare a mixture (known in culinary lingo as a roux) of three tablespoons of melted margarine and a like amount of flour. While stirring constantly, slowly add enough of the hot soup to form a thick liquid. When there are no lumps left, pour the flour mixture back into the soup. Add about half a litre of milk and simmer for another 20 minutes. Season with salt, pepper and freshly grated nutmeg.

Ideally, the soup should be made in advance and allowed to rest for at least a few hours, before it is reheated, whereupon it is infinitely more sublime.

A dish of courage

Mordechai Zaslav

MY CHOICE for the Israel "Man of the Year" award is Shlomo Drexler, who drives a truck in the municipality where he lives, has six children, lives in a 65 sq.m. flat, owns a car and manages on IL1,000 a month. Here is a man who deserves some recognition.

My recent interview with Shlomo went something as follows: "Shlomi, how do you manage to keep your head above water on the income you earn?" "Glub, glub, glub."

"Come now, Shlomo. I've chosen you as my 'Man of the Year' and I know what a tough battle it has been for you to manage on your income. Can you tell our readers how it was done?"

"It takes a great deal of discipline and ingenuity, and three of the children live with strangers." "Shlomo, you're not being serious. Whether you realize it or not, everyone in Israel wants to know your secret success story."

"O.K., now I'm being serious. We really don't live too badly. Although I'm only a truck driver, I've developed my own food sub-

stitute that we eat all week. I call it 'courageo'."

"Sounds intriguing. What's in it?"

"It takes careful planning, exactly the right ingredients and perfect timing." "Yes, but you haven't told me what 'courageo' is composed of."

"I'm coming to that. What I do is watch the market closely, and when prices are reduced on Friday afternoon just before the stores close for the Sabbath, I rush in and load up on potatoes, onions and whatever fruit is in season. Then I take it home, find the largest pot we have and cook it all together."

"Shlomo, you said this was a food substitute."

"It is. Would you call it food?" "But why do you call it 'courageo'?"

"Because that's what it takes to eat it."

AS YOU CAN TELL, Shlomo is quite clever and adaptable. He says he has been able to make his automobile run on water by intricate timing of the carburetor. He warns others not to try this delicate procedure, for he fears it might ruin the engine. He also points out that the recent rise in the cost of water has limited his use of the car, and he doesn't know where it will all end.

Here is a man, with real courage. A man who has been able to meet the challenge of our time and conquer. Shlomo Drexler, my choice for "Man of the Year."

IT OCCURS TO ME / Hadassah Bat Halm

A short winter

VICTIMS of our own propaganda, we are still not entirely reconciled to the cold and damp that pervades Nahariya for at least part of the winter. It is true that, compared with our native Manchester, where a rainless week is reckoned a drought, the quality and quantity of the flow of water is a bagatelle. It does not go on for weeks without a let-up. Nor does it stain the washing black as it falls.

It is hard, when summer goes on and on, long past months that are, according to the calendar, cool and windy but are in fact baking hot, to envisage a time when we shall need pullovers and raincoats. Logically, we know the time will come, but we do not learn by experience.

Basking in the sun when our English friends and relatives are piling fur coats on sweaters, the winter seems to shrink to a couple of days, and the rainy season is so soon over that it's a waste to get anything special for it. Next year will be soon enough.

These thoughts come to me as I stand at the back door unable to reach the dustbin ten metres away because of blinding torrents of water of which 30 seconds are enough to saturate as many layers as can be piled on. We do have a couple of umbrellas hanging up in the hall, left here by dazed visitors from the old country. They swing there in dusty neglect, the rotting more and more from year to year, but it is never the right

time to have them mended. In real emergencies they afford a minimum of protection. One is the folding kind. It cannot be unfolded anymore, but can be draped round the shoulders like a cloak. On the other, the little clip which holds up the spokes is missing, so this one can be unfurled but must be worn like an outside witch's hat. It is not made of transparent material so its user is at considerable hazard, especially when everyone else has their heads down.

We badly need an iron grille for scraping deposits off footwear. It is odd how much can be collected off a gravel path and a paved driveway. And the smaller the boot, it seems, the larger the globs of glutinous matter they bring in to smear onto the newly-washed floors. At present we only have a mat. By the time we remember to bring it inside, it can only lie clammily on the tiles, oozing sand-coloured liquid.

WE ARE NOT well-equipped for real catastrophes. The gumboots we brought with us have long since disintegrated; and though my daughter and I both have elegant boots, we don't like to spoil them by going out with them in bad weather. She thinks that sneakers are the most practical, as they dry so quickly. I just keep changing my shoes.

We shall really have to do something about the situation. Not this year. It's too late and the winter is nearly over. But next year for sure.

BIBLICAL BYWAYS / L.I. Rabinowitz

Moses' descent

IN THE DRAMATIC story of the birth of Moses, his parents are mentioned only anonymously. They are merely "a man of the house of Levi who married a daughter of Levi" (Ex. 2.1). In this week's portion, however, the veil of anonymity is lifted and they are identified as Amram and Jochebed (8, 20).

The passage is of interest for more reasons than one. Its purpose is to give the descent of Moses and his brother Aaron from Jacob, and it is obviously the opening fragment of a non-existent complete genealogy of all the 12 sons of Jacob; but it stops short when it has fulfilled its purpose. Since Moses and Aaron were descended from the third son of Jacob, Levi, only the genealogy of the first three sons, Reuben, Simeon and Levi, is given.

There are two points which call for comment. The narrative of Moses' birth gives the definite impression that he was the first child born of his parents' union. Nevertheless, a Midrash quoted by Rashi maintains that he was the first child of their marriage.

According to this, they had been married and borne children previously, but had divorced by mutual consent as a result of

Pharaoh's decree of male genocide. Why bear children who would be "Pharaoh fodder"? But Miriam, surely the first protagonist of Women's Liberation, persuaded them to remarry. Were female children not to be considered? It was of this reunion that Moses was the offspring.

OUR passage gives a factual basis for this legend. Not only was Miriam, the sister of Moses, old enough to keep watch over her infant brother (Ex. 2.4), but this genealogical table gives the information that Aaron was three years older than Moses.

The other point of interest is that the union which produced the Lawgiver, Deliverer and Faithful Shepherd, the first High Priest, and one of the few prophets of the Bible was today, Jochebed was the aunt of her husband Amram, and whereas according to Jewish law an uncle may marry a niece, an aunt cannot marry a nephew.

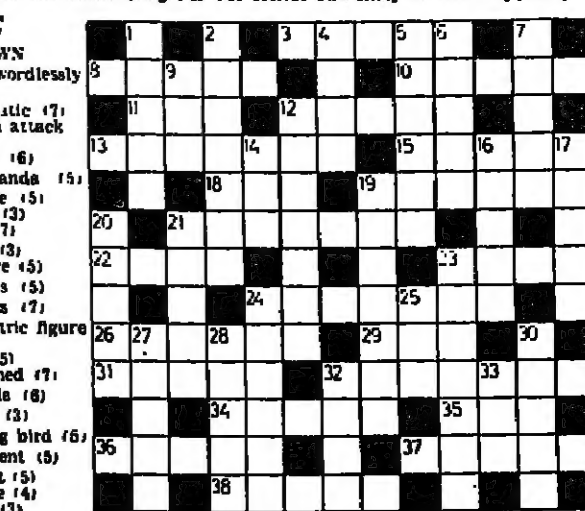
Nor is this a unique instance. Abraham (Gen. 20, 21), Jacob in marrying two sisters (Gen. 26), and Judah in marrying Tamar (which produced the ancestor of David, Gen. 38) all contracted unions prohibited by the Torah given later to Moses.

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.

EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS
3. Swooned (5)
8. Essential (5)
10. Bellows (5)
11. Bannock (5)
12. Boundary (5)
13. Tucked (7)
15. Male singer (5)
18. Admiral (7)
19. Longing (5)
21. Deterious (7)
22. Spool (4)
23. Rabbit's tail (4)
24. Ceremonial cup (5)
26. Wine (5)
28. Before (3)
31. Confused fight (5)
32. Hand bomb (7)
34. Foundation (5)
35. Blind (3)
36. Crows (5)
37. Ride a bicycle (5)
38. Even (5)



DOWN
1. Acted wordlessly (5)
2. Diplomatic (7)
4. Sudden attack (4)
5. Autior (6)
6. Memoranda (5)
7. Mistake (5)
9. Sailer (5)
12. Long (7)
14. Crane (5)
16. Relative (5)
17. Repose (5)
18. Trades (7)
20. Geometric figure (5)
21. Oem (5)
23. Perfumed (7)
24. Wrinkle (6)
25. Anger (3)
27. Wading bird (6)
28. Inaugural (6)
29. Perfect (5)
30. Donate (4)
33. Help (3)

Yesterday's Easy Solution
ACROSS—1. Swift, 6. Shark, 9. Romance, 10. Divot, 11. Amos, 12. Beard, 13. Cheerful, 15. Vol. 17, 18. Bottle, 19. Dealt, 20. Plink, 22. East, 24. Fox, 25. Assena, 26. Harsh, 27. Rivet, 28. Parks, 29. Leveret, 30. Leaps, 31. News.

DOWN—2. Wildlife, 3. Frozen, 4. Tot, 5. Fated, 6. Scortet, 7. Herd, 8. Rumped, 12. Beret, 13. Cliff, 14. Eagle, 15. Vixen, 16. Tails, 18. Bush, 19. Decades, 21. Telling, 22. Strive, 23. Stock, 26. Aster, 28. Help, 29. Pen.

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS
3. Separate room (5)
4. No "way out" refreshment (5)
5. Place holder (5)
10. Child of love between two (5)
13. King and outnumbered (5)
14. Animal on strike (7)
15. Anna's back (with Herb) (7)
16. Song put down (3)
17. Opps that suit the RE best (7)
18. In a way, Ted robs the poor fellows (7)

DOWN
1. She's more formal when I (7)
2. Guided by hand when used (7)
3. Break the tape! (4)
4. Many increases in trouble (5)
6. Bird getting down on the bed (5)
7. Designed by Mavet (5)
8. Priest member (3)
9. Aimed to re-establish communications (5)
11. Separated from Sade (5)
12. Bright spell (7)
13. A select question (5)
14. Walk with an eye to defence (5)
15. Ours bag also somehow (7)
16. Walk dirt in? (6)
17. Out of the wires (3)
18. My's associate (5)
19. Only old Bob mends shoes (5)
20. Act in in lofty style (5)
21. It's announced with fresh point (4)
22. Ida will give a hand (3)

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON MONDAY

I believe that when you pre-empt you should hit them hard. For example, do not bid only three when you can with relative safety say four, or four when you bid five. The theory is that it becomes harder for the other side to compete. But this does not always work.

Love all

North
♠ 10 8 6 5 2
♥ 9 8 7 4
♦ 3 2
♣ K

East (DE)
♠ 7 6 5
♥ 3 2
♦ K J 10 8 5 4
♣ 7

South
♠ 4 K 10 8 5
♥ A Q 7 5 3
♦ A Q 7 5 3
♣ A

BRIDGE
By George Levin

AN UNCERTAIN PRE-EMPT

Today's deal is from the Norway-Sweden match at the European Bridge Championships. When Sweden was North-South, South opened with 1Q, and West bid 4♠. North bid 4Q, and that was it. 12 tricks were made. Should South have made a further bid?

When Norway was North-South the Swedish West went further than his Norwegian counterpart over a 1Q

call. He bid 6♠. North bid 5Q. Should South pass? This he refused to do. He bid 6Q which he made. Should East have bid 7♠, which would probably be set four tricks, and with a ♠ ruff could be set an additional trick?

Against the slam West played the ♠ Ace and shifted to his single ♠. South took the ♠ Q with his Ace, and then cashed the ♠ Q and the ♠ Q. He won the ♠ Q and crossed ruffed the hand for 12 tricks. He was lucky that West had only a singleton ♠ and could not ruff a ♠. It appears as though it would have been safer to first cash the ♠ Q, unless East should have shown up with a singleton, and on this trick to discard a ♠ from the dummy.

There is just no science in pre-empting. I still believe that in the long run it pays to hit them hard.

CHESS/Elijah Shahaf

USSR CHAMPIONSHIP 1974
1st Pr. USSR team championship, 1980
Queen's Gambit
1. c4 e5 2. Kf3 Kf6 3. Kf3 Kf6 4. e4 e5 5. d4 e5 6. d4 e5 7. d4 e5 8. d4 e5 9. d4 e5 10. d4 e5 11. d4 e5 12. d4 e5 13. d4 e5 14. d4 e5 15. d4 e5 16. d4 e5 17. d4 e5 18. d4 e5 19. d4 e5 20. d4 e5 21. d4 e5 22. d4 e5 23. d4 e5 24. d4 e5 25. d4 e5 26. d4 e5 27. d4 e5 28. d4 e5 29. d4 e5 30. d4 e5 31. d4 e5 32. d4 e5 33. d4 e5 34. d4 e5 35. d4 e5 36. d4 e5 37. d4 e5 38. d4 e5 39. d4 e5 40. d4 e5 41. d4 e5 42. d4 e5 43. d4 e5 44. d4 e5 45. d4 e5 46. d4 e5 47. d4 e5 48. d4 e5 49. d4 e5 50. d4 e5 51. d4 e5 52. d4 e5 53. d4 e5 54. d4 e5 55. d4 e5 56. d4 e5 57. d4 e5 58. d4 e5 59. d4 e5 60. d4 e5 61. d4 e5 62. d4 e5 63. d4 e5 64. d4 e5 65. d4 e5 66. d4 e5 67. d4 e5 68. d4 e5 69. d4 e5 70. d4 e5 71. d4 e5 72. d4 e5 73. d4 e5 74. d4 e5 75. d4 e5 76. d4 e5 77. d4 e5 78. d4 e5 79. d4 e5 80. d4 e5 81. d4 e5 82. d4 e5 83. d4 e5 84. d4 e5 85. d4 e5 86. d4 e5 87. d4 e5 88. d4 e5 89. d4 e5 90. d4 e5 91. d4 e5 92. d4 e5 93. d4 e5 94. d4 e5 95. d4 e5 96. d4 e5 97. d4 e5 98. d4 e5 99. d4 e5 100. d4 e5 101. d4 e5 102. d4 e5 103. d4 e5 104. d4 e5 105. d4 e5 106. d4 e5 107. d4 e5 108. d4 e5 109. d4 e5 110. d4 e5 111. d4 e5 112. d4 e5 113. d4 e5 114. d4 e5 115. d4 e5 116. d4 e5 117. d4 e5 118. d4 e5 119. d4 e5 120. d4 e5 121. d4 e5 122. d4 e5 123. d4 e5 124. d4 e5 125. d4 e5 126. d4 e5 127. d4 e5 128. d4 e5 129. d4 e5 130. d4 e5 131. d4 e5 132. d4 e5 133. d4 e5 134. d4 e5 135. d4 e5 136. d4 e5 137. d4 e5 138. d4 e5 139. d4 e5 140. d4 e5 141. d4 e5 142. d4 e5 143. d4 e5 144. d4 e5 145. d4 e5 146. d4 e5 147. d4 e5 148. d4 e5 149. d4 e5 150. d4 e5 151. d4 e5 152. d4 e5 153. d4 e5 154. d4 e5 155. d4 e5 156. d4 e5 157. d4 e5 158. d4 e5 159. d4 e5 160. d4 e5 161. d4 e5 162. d4 e5 163. d4 e5 164. d4 e5 165. d4 e5 166. d4 e5 167. d4 e5 168. d4 e5 169. d4 e5 170. d4 e5 171. d4 e5 172. d4 e5 173. d4 e5 174. d4 e5 175. d4 e5 176. d4 e5 177. d4 e5 178. d4 e5 179. d4 e5 180. d4 e5 181. d4 e5 182. d4 e5 183. d4 e5 184. d4 e5 185. d4 e5 186. d4 e5 187. d4 e5 188. d4 e5 189. d4 e5 190. d4 e5 191. d4 e5 192. d4 e5 193. d4 e5 194. d4 e5 195. d4 e5 196. d4 e5 197. d4 e5 198. d4 e5 199. d4 e5 200. d4 e5 201. d4 e5 202. d4 e5 203. d4 e5 204. d4 e5 205. d4 e5 206. d4 e5 207. d4 e5 208. d4 e5 209. d4 e5 210. d4 e5 211. d4 e5 212. d4 e5 213. d4 e5 214. d4 e5 215. d4 e5 216. d4 e5 217. d4 e5 218. d4 e5 219. d4 e5 220. d4 e5 221. d4 e5 222. d4 e5 223. d4 e5 224. d4 e5 225. d4 e5 226. d4 e5 227. d4 e5 228. d4 e5 229. d4 e5 230. d4 e5 231. d4 e5 232. d4 e5 233. d4 e5 234. d4 e5 235. d4 e5 236. d4 e5 237. d4 e5 238. d4 e5 239. d4 e5 240. d4 e5 241. d4 e5 242. d4 e5 243. d4 e5 244. d4 e5 245. d4 e5 246. d4 e5 247. d4 e5 248. d4 e5 249. d4 e5 250. d4 e5 251. d4 e5 252. d4 e5 253. d4 e5 254. d4 e5 255. d4 e5 256. d4 e5 257. d4 e5 258. d4 e5 259. d4 e5 260. d4 e5 261. d4 e5 262. d4 e5 263. d4 e5 264. d4 e5 265. d4 e5 266. d4 e5 267. d4 e5 268. d4 e5 269. d4 e5 270. d4 e5 271. d4 e5 272. d4 e5 273. d4 e5 274. d4 e5 275. d4 e5 276. d4 e5 277. d4 e5 278. d4 e5 279. d4 e5 280. d4 e5 281. d4 e5 282. d4 e5 283. d4 e5 284. d4 e5 285. d4 e5 286. d4 e5 287. d4 e5 288. d4 e5 289. d4 e5 290. d4 e5 291. d4 e5 292. d4 e5 293. d4 e5 294. d4 e5 295. d4 e5 296. d4 e5 297. d4 e5 298. d4 e5 299. d4 e5 300. d4 e5 301. d4 e5 302. d4 e5 303. d4 e5 304. d4 e5 305. d4 e5 306. d4 e5 307. d4 e5 308. d4 e5 309. d4 e5 310. d4 e5 311. d4 e5 312. d4 e5 313. d4 e5 314. d4 e5 315. d4 e5 316. d4 e5 317. d4 e5 318. d4 e5 319. d4 e5 320. d4 e5 321. d4 e5 322. d4 e5 323. d4 e5 324. d4 e5 325. d4 e5 326. d4 e5 327. d4 e5 328. d4 e5 329. d4 e5 330. d4 e5 331. d4 e5 332. d4 e5 333. d4 e5 334. d4 e5 335. d4 e5 336. d4 e5 337. d4 e5 338. d4 e5 339. d4 e5 340. d4 e5 341. d4 e5 342. d4 e5 343. d4 e5 344. d4 e5 345. d4 e5 346. d4 e5 347. d4 e5 348. d4 e5 349. d4 e5 350. d4 e5 351. d4 e5 352. d4 e5 353. d4 e5 354. d4 e5 355. d4 e5 356. d4 e5 357. d4 e5 358. d4 e5 359. d4 e5 360. d4 e5 361. d4 e5 362. d4 e5 363. d4 e5 364. d4 e5 365. d4 e5 366. d4 e5 367. d4 e5 368. d4 e5 369. d4 e5 370. d4 e5 371. d4 e5 372. d4 e5 373. d4 e5 374. d4 e5 375. d4 e5 376. d4 e5 377. d4 e5 378. d4 e5 379. d4 e5 380. d4 e5 381. d4 e5 382. d4 e5 383. d4 e5 384. d4 e5 385. d4 e5 386. d4 e5 387. d4 e5 388. d4 e5 389. d4 e5 390. d4 e5 391. d4 e5 392. d4 e5 393. d4 e5 394. d4 e5 395. d4 e5 396. d4 e5 397. d4 e5 398. d4 e5 399. d4 e5 400. d4 e5 401. d4 e5 402. d4 e5 403. d4 e5 404. d4 e5 405. d4 e5 406. d4 e5 407. d4 e5 408. d4 e5 409. d4 e5 410. d4 e5 411. d4 e5 412. d4 e5 413. d4 e5 414. d4 e5 415. d4 e5 416. d4 e5 417. d4 e5 418. d4 e5 419. d4 e5 420. d4 e5 421. d4 e5 422. d4 e5 423. d4 e5 424. d4 e5 425. d4 e5 426. d4 e5 427. d4 e5 428. d4 e5 429. d4